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Tipton High School. Senior
Class.
The Tiptonian

TIPTONIAN

The Tiptonian

The Year Book

of the

Tipton High School

Volume 12
1910

Published Annually by the Senior Class
of the Tipton High School

Allen County Public Library
Ft. Wayne, Indiana

Dedication

TO

MISS ELINOR K. TOWNE

whose Loyalty, Sincerity, and Charm have endeared her to us all; and whose Gracious Personality and Inspiring Friendships we shall ever cherish as one of the Brightest Influences of our high school life

We the Class
of
Nineteen ten
Dedicate this
Our Annual

A Toast.

Here's to the annual of nineteen ten.

Here's to the staff that published the annual of nineteen ten.

Here's to the school, where worked the staff that published the annual of nineteen ten.

Here's to the students that came to the school, where worked the staff that published the annual of nineteen ten.

Here's to the lessons, learned by the students that came to the school, where worked the staff that published the annual of nineteen ten.

Here's to the credits, given for the lessons, learned by the students that came to the school, where worked the staff that published the annual of nineteen ten.

And here's to the teachers that gave the credits for the lessons learned by the students that came to the school where worked the staff that published the annual of nineteen ten.

Editorial.

Before entering into the more frivolous contents of our book we wish to express our thanks to all whom it may concern for the opportunity we have had of obtaining a high school education, and to assure them that we appreciate it far more than any other gift which they could have bestowed upon us for we realize that, "Education is a companion which no misfortune can depress—no crime destroy—no enemy alianate—no despotism enslave."

We have many things to be grateful for; our school building with its modern convenience, the privilege our parents have given us of taking up and completing the high school course, and the splendid corps of teachers which the school board obtained as our instructors.

Although we had the trials and difficulties which all seniors must endure we have, on the whole, enjoyed our work and we feel ourselves indebted to each individual member of the faculty for the careful instructions which we have received in their respective departments. We feel that it is largely to them that our success thus far is due. The lessons which they have taught us have made impressions on our hearts that will last forever.

Each and all of them have been very kind to us and it is with great pleasure that we dedicate our little book to Miss Elinor K. Towne, our Latin teacher, who has been a most faithful friend to us thruout our four years struggle with "the dead language" winning our love and respect by her kindness and impartiality.

The other teachers have been equally considerate of us and we wish to assure them that they will not be forgotten by the seniors of 1910, but that wherever that may be in years to come the best wishes of all who were this year students in the Tipton High School will be for their success.

Mrs. Matthews the librarian has been very helpful to us in our supplementary researches and the interest that she has taken in the school and in the progress of the students has endeared her to them all as one of the best friends of education in Tipton. Not only the Senior Class but the teachers as well are gratified to have her picture take a place with theirs in the TIPTONIAN.

In conclusion we beg to acknowledge the receipt, thru our exchange, of the following annuals: "Schola Regia," Royal High School, Edinburgh, Scotland, the "Oracle," Kern County High School, Bakersfield, Cal., the "Narcissus," Peru High School, Peru, Ind., Washington and Jefferson Academy Year Book, Washington, Pa., the "Butler Collegian," Butler College, the "Arbutus," Indiana University, Manual Training High School Annual, Manual Training High School, Indianapolis, the "Almanac," Toledo High School, Toledo, Ohio, "The Gothic," Bloomington Indiana High School, "Esmeduna," Liverpool Collegiate School, Liverpool, England, "Holt School Magazine" Holt Secondary School, Liverpool, England, Shortridge High School "Annual," Indianapolis, Indiana.

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HIGH SCHOOL ASSEMBLY ROOM

Tipton High School.

Motto

I am a part of all that I have met.

Color.

Prussian Blue.

Flower.

White Rose.

Yell.

Hoop La ! Boom La ! !
Phiza Boom ! Ya Hah ! !
Tipton High School ! !
Wah Hoo ! ! Wa Hah ! !

The Alumni.

One of the most joyous, interesting and instructive events which are crowded into the long looked for Commencement week, is the meeting of the Tipton High School Alumni Association in its annual banquet given in honor of its distinguished guests, the incoming class. As feasting has always been recognized as the highest mode of appreciation since the "Killing of the fatted calf", an elaborate spread, equaled only by the Ancient Epicurians, is served at that time, and a program both instructive and entertaining is rendered, by members of the Association which bespeaks rare talent and also a careful education which reflects an honor on both past and present instructors of the T. H. S.

While the first class to graduate from the T. H. S. was in the year 1878, yet the Association was never fully organized until 1894, as the body met at irregular intervals until that time. Since then each year vies with the other in making history of a more elaborate kind, along the line of entertaining the new classes which are welcomed into the Alumni Association. At the present time there is a membership of 277 with the welcome addition of the 26 Seniors of 1910. 'Tis a grand good time when grey haired men and women renew their youth with the joyous mirthful lads and maidens who have just passed through the gates which they themselves have closed after them years ago.

School Day Stems, and "that reminds me" anecdotes hearty hand shakes with friends met only on these occasions, and a general "Auld Lang Syne" round up, is indulged in at this time. Laughter mingles with tears, for even the gay sceans of feasting and festivity can not dispell the memory of another Alumni, gathered from our own ranks, slowly and steadily forming on "The other Side." T'is an evening long to be remembered and looking backward we repeat:

O tell not to me that our pleasure,
Is in what future has in its store,
'Tis the memory we call up at leisure,
Of those dear blissful days of Yore—

"86"

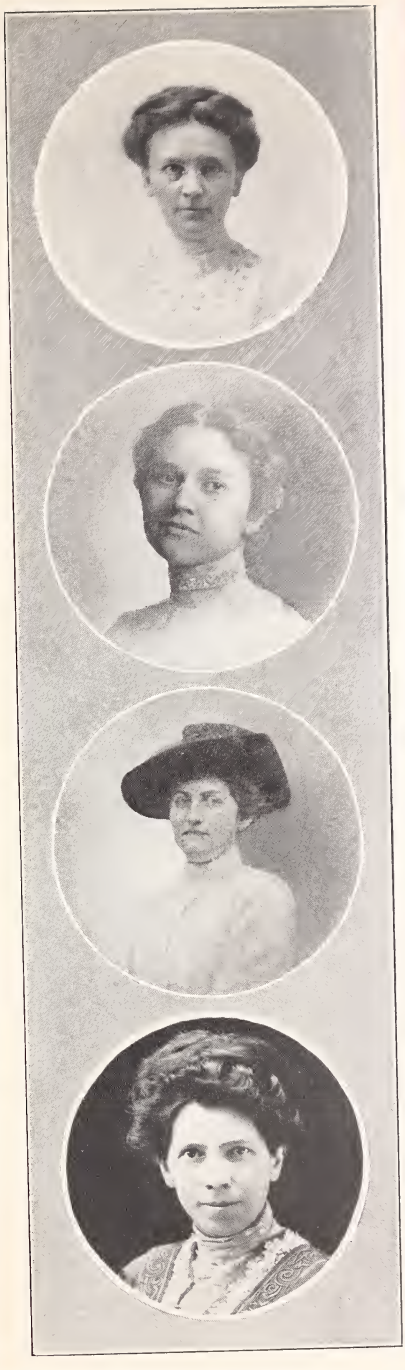
THE Faculty

PROF. C. F. PATTERSON
Superintendent

MR. G. G. DODDS
Principal

MR. M. E. HUFFORD

MR. J. W. CURRY.



MISS ELINOR K. TOWNE

MISS GRETCHEN SCOTTEN

MISS ETHEL WOODY

MRS. IDA MATTHEWS
Librarian

The English Course.

English is the broadest subject in the high school curriculum, for it presupposes as a basis for work a foundation in many other subjects. The course is planned to continue carefully the work of the grades aud is spiral in its nature, since it comprises a constant review of past years work in English and demands, besides, that the pupil shall draw continually on his knowledge of history, foreign languages and science.

The English course in the Tipton High School is in two divisions, literature and composition. The latter consists of a careful study of the various forms of discourse, with oral and written practice in each. There is also a general survey of the different verse forms, and opportunity is given for poetic composition. Under the head of composition a study of some of the common errors in English speech is made, and the pupil is trained to avoid them. It is not expected that high school students shall develop into poets, essayists, or novelists, but that they shall learn how to write an interesting description, to tell a story in an entertaining way, and to give a careful explanation or direction.

Literature offers a more attractive field for the student. Here he is permitted to read some of the best works of the best poets and prose writers of America and England. Through these he not only becomes acquainted with pure English, thereby improving his own, but he learns to know, also, some of the principal motives which control human action. Cooper's stories of pioneer life, beset by Indians, inspire him with the courage of his forefathers; guided by Irving he sees the wonders of the old world; with Scott he wakens to hear the huntsman's horn in the Scottish Highlands; he dreams the dream of Shakespeare's hero or recoils from the base nature of the character who sacrifices honor and conscience to ambition. It is not the aim to have the pupil make an exhaustive study of any authors' works, but rather to become familiar with one or two masterpieces of several, so that he may gain from them a knowledge of the progress in thought throughout the centuries. In order that his ideas of literature and its writers may be related, a part of the time in the Junior and Senior years is spent in studying text-books on the history of England and American literature.

The high school graduate who has completed the English course must realize that he has only begun to think. Down the vista of years to come, the song-makers of all the ages, those who love old stories, and the writers of fairy lore are beckoning him where he need never be lonely while he lives in the world of books.

A is for Assembly wide
Where the students all abide;
There we see them every day
Some at work, some at play.

The Science Courses.

In the first year of the science course the study is physiography or a study of the present condition of the surface of the earth and its relation to the forces of air and water upon it. Besides four recitations from the text book each week there is a manual course that supplements the work. An analytical question course, with which the students provide themselves, has been prepared by reputable authors. This manual consists of lessons made up of questions to be answered from topographic maps published by the United States Geological Survey. These maps are provided by the school. Almost each week an exercise is prepared in writing and given for criticism.

The second year work in science is in botany. The text book has been prepared with a view to giving a brief study in the development of plants from simple and inferior forms to higher and more complex forms. As far as it is possible to collect material, the students are given specimens which illustrate parts of the plant or types of plants. A book in which a record of these specimens is kept by drawings is prepared by each student. Beginning about April first, a course in field work is given. Specimens of native flowering plants are furnished to students in the class room. These specimens are analyzed and afterwards classfied by means of a key to the flowering plants. The students are required to press and mount in an herbarium, a given number of the specimens studied. This phase of the work is meant to give an acquaintance with common native plants and a knowledge of the characteristics of the more important families of our local flora.

Physics is the course offered in the third year to those choosing science instead of two language subjects. The course here consists of three recitations and two laboratory periods each week thruout the year. The recitation work is a study of mechanics, heat, magnetism and electricity. Experiments are given during the recitation illustrating all important phenomena studied. Each week students are required to conduct an experiment for the verification of a law or the derivation of scientific quantity. Two students work from a page of written directions with a single apparatus. After the work has been done sufficiently accurate, a record of the same describing the theory and manipulations is prepared. The plan of the work here is to give the students experience in working with apparatus with his own hands.

The fourth year of science offered is a course in descriptive chemistsy. The work is planned to give the student an acquaintance with common elements and compounds, with their relations to each other and their uses in the arts and industries. Three recitations are conducted each week thruout the year. In the recitation some demonstrations of chemical action are given. Nearly all of the elements and compounds are shown to the members of the class. Besides the recitation work two or more class hours each week are given to performing experiments in the chemistry laboratory. These experiments are performed from a manual prepared so as to bring out properties and reactions of the chemicals. Each member of the class is provided with a full set of apparatus and a place to perform the experiments. Records of all the work done and an explanation of the results is written in a note book.

B is for Baseball, Basketball too
In which we win victories for our Prussian Blue,
And if we're defeated, a vict'ry 'tis still
For then we're determined, that conquer we will.

Course In Mathematics.

Science is accumulated and established knowledge which has been systematized and formulated with reference to the discovery of general truths or the operation of general laws. Mathematics is a science subject in the hightest sense of the term. It has, in point of form, the character of logical perfection; and, in point of matter, the character of real truth.

The subject matter of mathematics is often divided into pure mathematics and and applied mathematics. Pure mathematics is made to include, generally speaking, arithemetic, algebra and geometry; applied mathematics, mechanics, physics and astronomy. These classifications are, however, very imperfect and found at all points to be constantly overlapping.

The mathematics deparment of the High School is made to consist of pure mathematics, the applied phase being found in the science department proper. The High School course is aimed to give a good foundation for mathematical work and hence includes the elementary mathematical subjects. Eight credits are required of all candidates for graduation; three in algebra, four in geometry, and one in either arithmetic or trigonometry. One credit is given for a satisfactory completion of one-half year's work.

Algebra is taught during the freshman year and the first half of the sophomore year. The work begins where arithmetic closed and the earlier stages are largely arithmetical in principle and work out the fundamental processes in general number, including the solution of equations. This is followed by those things necessary to the solution of linear, quadratic and higher equations. If time permits additional matter is introduced. The text used in Stone-Millis' Essentials of Algebra.

Geometry is taken during the second half of the sophomore year and continues during the junior and first half of the senior year. It includes the subject as presented in Schultze and Sevenoak's Plane and Solid Geometry. A great deal of emphasis is laid on the solution of original exercises.

The arithmetic presented during the last half of the senior year is meant to serve two purposes; to give the student a good knowledge of the practical commercial phase and to give those who anticipate teaching in the common schools a good working basis of the subject.

Those students selecting trigonometry study the subject as given in Well's Plane Trigonometry. Functions, formulae and equations are worked out. The stress of the work is placed on the solution of triangles by both natural and logarithmetic functions.

The object of a school is to teach a pupil to live. It is believed that this course presents its share to that object as well as establishes in the student's mind the laws of logical process.

C, the letter for chemistry stands,
Be careful in mixing your acids though
For if you don't, you may give us a chance;
To shed at your funeral H_2O.

The History Course.

Among those subjects included in the curriculum, history has been given a paramount position. Together with English and Mathematics it is the only subject required of every student throughout the high school course, for next to the logical training afforded by the higher mathematical branches, and the ability to express ones thought with both clearness and elegance, history, alone of all other studies, offers an opportunity for the training of the judgement.

The first year of high school history study embraces the history of (I) the ancient Oriental world (II) Greece and (III) Rome.

(I) This work includes but a brief survey of the greater Oriental nations. Stress is laid upon the more apparent features of their material civilization and the influence of this upon the later life of Greece is made prominent.

(II) In the study of Greek history the student's attention is directed to the influence which geography has as a factor in the life of nations; to the genius and individuality of the Greek people in the fields of, art, literature and thought; and to the character of Greek government and the reasons for its failure.

(III) The history of Rome is made to present two important phases to the student; 1st, the Roman capacity for government and 2nd, Rome's position as a distributor of Greek culture and as the basis upon which the great failure of mediaeval life rested.

In the second year Mediaeval and Modern History is taken up. The significance of the two great institutions of the study of church and Empire and their relations. The great movements of the Renaissance and Reformation are studied in their relation to the history of the subsequent centuries of the modern era. The major portion of the second year's work is spent upon the history of modern Europe, that the students may gain an idea of the position which his own country occupies in the world of nations at the present time.

The third year is divided between English history and Civics. The work in history aims to recapitulate and supplement the main facts of English history acquired during the second year. The growth of constitutional government and the Anglo Saxon idea of freedom is emphasized, in order that the student, in his study of American history, may have a clear idea of the source from which his own institutions sprang.

The Civics course presents such facts of government, especially local government as will enable the student to become an intelligent citizen with a definite conception of all the word implies.

An advanced course in American history occupies the Senior year. An attempt is here made to give the boy and girl about to leave high school, an intensive view of American ideas and ideals, as shown by the history of his own nation. American progress, America's relation to the world powers and American activity are here emphasized.

Throughout the courses constant use of other books than the text-in-hand is demanded. Students keep note books of text, class and supplementary work. Maps illustrating all historical data are required, as are also outlines and chrono-

D is for Deportment, alas!
In which we all endeavor to pass.
Seventy-five will let us through.
Get less and for term exams we are due.

logical tables. In the third and fourth years regular debates are held, in which the students are permitted to sustain their views of given points by use of argument. In this course we attempt to give less an accumulation of facts than to take those facts already in hand and from them to develop in the student the power of discrimination, observation, comparison, and deduction of logical judgement. These coupled with such lessons of patriotism as he may learn from a record of the exploits and achievements of his forefathers, will, we believe, make of him a useful and intelligent American citizen.

The German Course.

The German course is one of those which form the quasi-elective part of the curriculum. At the beginning of the third year the student is permitted to choose two from a group of three subjects: Latin, German and Science, which latter includes Physics and Chemistry. This option affords the student of scientific trend, opportunity to complete four full years of science, Physiography, Botany and the two just mentioned. To those students possessing the language instinct, there is given a chance to acquire considerable knowledge of the rudiments of German.

The first year of the work is spent on gaining some knowledge of the essentials, such as is offered by a beginner's book. At the earliest practicable moment the reading of connected discourse is taken up and throughout the first year continues to absorb the major portion of the students time, grammatical points being learned from a study of the text, supplemented by regular grammatical and composition exercises.

During the second year's work the student is expected to read rapidly two or three of the easier well known stories and one or two short plays. Composition exercises based upon the texts read, are continued throughout the year and special attention is given to rapid reading.

Although the work in German is limited and consequently calls for much of the drudgery with few of the pleasures which come from the more continued study of a language, still the students have taken up this course eagerly and make rapid progress.

The Latin Course.

Latin I.

Bellum Helveticum, Janes and Jenks,
through periphrastic conjugations.

Latin II.

Bellum Helveticum completed.
Caesar's Gallic Wars, Book I, 1-29, II, III, IV.

Latin III.

Cicero's Orations against Catiline I–IV.
Fourth Oration against Anthony.
Bennett's Latin Composition.

Latin IV.

Vergil's Aeneid, Bks. I–IV.
Latin Composition.

E does stand for Examinations,
Which we think are abominations;
Enough to wreck a nervous system,
But we're powerless, we can't resist 'em.

Horace, Ode I, 24.

Written upon the death of a dear friend of Vergil and Horace.

In grief for life so dear what shame or measure!
Teach thy sad lays, Melpomene, whose song
The Father hath bestowed with melody
Of cythara.

Then lasting sleep enfolds Quintilius;
Where finds for him an equal modesty,
Or Honor uncorrupted, Justice, sister,
Or Verity.

Bewailed by many good men he has perished,
More sorrowed for by none than thee, O Vergil,
In vain thy trusting piety demands him
The gods deny.

What if, than Thracian Orpheus more skilled,
Thou charm the trees to listen to thy strain,
Can blood reanimate the empty frame
When Mercury,

No gentle god responding to our prayers,
With horrid wand has gathered to the shades?
'Tis hard to bear; but patience lightens all
We may not cure.

F is the letter that represents
The fool who sits upon the fence
For five long months just waiting to see
"What in the world his marks will be."

A Letter from Aeneas to Hector

(Written at Crete, 1153 B. C.)

Aeneas to his beloved Hector sends greeting.

Sorely oppressed in spirit, yet trusting in divine power of the gods, I, Aeneas, am writing this letter to you before I abandon the Cretan port and renew my wanderings. Unspeakable are the woes, indiscribable are the sorrows that I have experienced since the glow of life departed from your body and you entered the spirit world. Far too painful it is, to recall how the ruthless Greeks entered our beautiful city, and with fire and sword razed it to the ground. Our citadel has fallen. Mighty Troy is no more.

When I beheld the cruel deeds of the enemy, I became frenzied in spirit and knew not what to do, nor whither to go. Then my gentle mother came to me and advised me what course to pursue. Moreover heaven sent omens and thereby revealed to me that I was to go forth into a long exile, and finally found a city.

Wherefore, under the auspices of the gods, in company with my family and a few friends, I left my native city and began my wonderings. In our flight from the burning citadel, my beloved Creusa was separated from me and I have never been able to find her. But I trust that heaven will take care of her and release her from all misery.

A short time after we went forth from Troy we began our journey over the sea. Having passed thru many dangers, we finally came to Delos where we consulted the Oracle. We were advised by Apollo to seek our ancient mother land. Father Anchises believed that Crete was to be our destined home and therefore we came to the island from which I am now writing to you.

But the Fates do not permit us to dwell in peace and safety. A pestilance has fallen upon our bodies, and a blight upon our crops. Father Anchises has bidden us to recoss the sea and consult the oracle again. Wherefore we shall depart from this port immediately.

Great has been our suffering, weary are we of our wanderings. We hope that heaven will soon put an end to our woes, and bring us safely to our fated city. We are trusting in the divine help of the gods and awaiting their summons to join you. Farewell.

CLARA DOVERSBERGER '10

G is for German
The language divine
Which came from the land of
"Die Wacht an deuc Rhein."

When My Ship Comes in from Africa.

WHEN I was a small boy, I had always hoped to be rich, and made up my mind what I would do when my ship came in from Africa loaded with diamonds.

In later years I was working in New York. One day while strolling about, I came to Castle Garden. Sitting there on a bench watching the ships come in, I happened to remember the wish of my boyhood and that it was time for my ship to arrive. As I sat smoking my pipe, I saw a large ship steaming into the harbor, and sure enough, it was loaded with those precious stones from Africa.

This made me a very wealthy man, and I set out to satisfy the wants of a few years back when I was a boy. I bought a large mansion on Fifth Avenue so that I should be entitled to a place among the four hundred and to live with the elite of New York. Tired of working for a small salary in an office, I bought an office building on Wall Street and set up my business against Pierpont Morgan. After being very successful in business and becoming tired of city life, I decided to take a trip and see some of the world. I took a steamer for England and on reaching there, I was received and royally entertained by the king and nobles. After a long visit in England, I started for Germany, where I was going to purchase an old castle on the Rhine and here spend the rest of my declining years in ease. When I was about to set foot on dear old Fatherland, I felt a rap on my shoulder.

I looked up, and to my surprise, who should it be? A large man in blue clothes was standing by me, and he politely requested me to move on. I looked around to see where I was. I was still sitting on the bench, my pipe was out and my ship had disappeared.

RALPH KEMP. '10

H is for Hookey
A game we all play
Especially in Spring time
About "circus" day.

A Morning Walk.

SINCE early morning walks for health have become quite a fad among society ladies, a friend and myself decided to try them.

I lived in the suburbs of the city, and my friend, Janette resided about two blocks from our home. We both agreed to arise at five o'clock and Janette was then to come past for me. I set the alarm clock, and tho being very loath to get up at the appointed time, (since I had been usually rising about two hours later,) I arose and after dressing, telephoned to Janette.

We started out, and tho it was very cold, we assured each other that the air was very "bracing." We had just got outside of the city, and were resting on a small bridge, when we heard something running towards us. Becoming frightened, we began to run, but it kept gaining and when it came up with us, which it soon did, we found it was only my dog Flo, who had followed us.

We started out again and had gone only a short distance when we saw a huge dark object just over on the other side of the fence. "Oh! What is it?" exclaimed Janette. "It has horns," and we began to run again, when a friendly "moo-o" dispelled our fears.

Walking on a distance farther we suddenly heard a weird whistling, and a sound like the flapping of wings. Just then, some distance ahead of us, a large black figure loomed up.

Forgetting our walk and all else we ran as if for our lives. I assure you that we let no grass grow under our feet.

In the mean time, this figure picking up something from the ground, had followed after us. For some reason, it stopped on the bridge, but we ran on and did not stop until we reached our friendly doors.

Soon after we had reached home, a girl who lived near, called and returned my hat, which (I forgot to say) had fallen off at the beginning of our flight.

She said she had been milking the cows in the pasture near by and was just starting home, when she saw us running, had picked up my hat and run after us to return it, not knowing what had caused our flight.

But how can you explain the sound like flapping of wing and the weird whistling? I said, not willing to show myself such a coward.

"That flapping of wings," she replied, "was caused by the limbs of the tree, which had been part way torn off by the wind, and the whistling was the wind itselt."

We took no more morning walks, but decided it was better to help mother get breakfast.

LUCY PICKERELL, '10.

I stands for something we all will agree,
That isn't a distant relation of "me,"
For that something alone we are certain to be
Until we've decided to change "I" to "We."

Say:

Do you think that a metaphysician,
With a long psychological plan,
Could induce microscopical effort,
In an anthropological man?

Could a flat phrenological failure,
With a physiological chill,
Love a sociological expert,
With a meteriological thrill?

Could an archaeological sprinter,
Of a dark theological hue,
Give a nice philosophical treatise
On the eyes of my Pearlie so blue?

Could a methodological blockhead,
Having craniological feet,
Paint a dry neurological picture,
Of a wet geological street?

Could a smooth astrological fakir,
With a teleological brain
Give a paleological hoodo
In a long euchological strain?

Do you think ethnological records,
Astronomical worlds, will imbue
With correct biographical statements,
As to why Pearlie's eyes are so blue?

EUGENE B. PYKE, '11.

J stands for the Junior wise
To imitate the Senior he tries,
Ah! little Junior, be careful or you
Will get into trouble, as all Seniors do.

Appearances are Deceptive.

ONE day, not long ago, in a college town, a young man stood on a street corner, undecided which way to go. But presently he saw a girl with a well known blue hat on turn down a side street toward the college. So he ran madly down the street after her and soon overtook her.

"Say, Mary, can't I carry your books?" he asked.

"No," responded a young lady whom he had never seen before, as she turned and looked him in the eye, "You may NOT."

And the young man gasped and turned away.

Then, far down the street, he saw a young lady in a long oilskin coat beside which he had trudged to school many a morning. "That's Mary," he said to himself, and sped after her.

Soon he caught up with her, and again he plead, "Say, Mary, can't I carry your books?" And this damsel turned a horrified face toward him and declined to answer. For she was another unknown.

Then he turned away disgusted and sauntered back to town. Soon he saw Miss Jones, the ugliest girl in the college, coming toward him in her long red coat, of a shade peculiarly unsuited to her complexion.

"Honestly, if I had a face like her's, I'd drown myself," he remarked to a bystander.

And Miss Jones overheard and looked at him with her eyes full of tears.—Ye gods, it was Mary!

And the young man, realizing that explanation would soon be called for, went home to bed. For they were all sorority sisters who wore each other's clothes.

DOROTHY BELL, '12.

K is for the Knockers of T. H. S.
They're found in every class, I guess
And if you are one of these
Quit you're knocking if you please.

The Freshmen.

The dear little freshmen,
Are very nice indeed,
Altho they are quite timid,
And can scarcely even read.

They like to make funny noises,
And then laugh in glee,
But when they are corrected,
This is changed to a different key.

They love to draw pretty pictures,
And shoot their paper wads,
But O! how innocent they look
When espied by Mr. Dodds!

They laugh and have their fun until
They find that they have flunked,
But then the trouble comes at once,
For they see that they have sunk.

But when the term exams come around,
And they've studied mighty hard,
Just see the tears flow dow their cheeks
When they look upon their card.

But when they see their sad mistake
After many days gone by,
They then each look back and say,
"O what a fool was I!"

BETHEL TEMPLETON, '10.

Senior Soliloquy.

(With apologies to Shakespere.)

To flunk or not to flunk, that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in school to suffer
The sorrow and disgrace of term exams
Or to take in your arms, a pile of books
And by studying learn them? To cram; to learn;
Alas; and by a knowing to say we end
The callings and the thousand reproving words
That flunkers are heir to; 'tis a state of affairs
Devoutly to be wished. To cram; to flunk;
To cheat; perchance to flunk again; ay, there's the rub.

BLANCHE HOLMAN, '10.

L is for the Latin we study, and yet
All the translations we soon will forget.
But they say for mind training its value is great,
So therefore we study it early and late.

Trials of a Freshman.

TALK about the first degree at Yale, Westpoint, or Cornell, but it's nothing in comparison with the trials of a Freshman in the Tipton High School.

The first terror we must bravely confront is the acquaintance of the teachers (who of course we Freshmen imagine know more than any college professor.) This, as every student has experienced, is a particularly difficult task.

Well, the next thing is to locate the various class rooms. This is not always a pleasant occupation as the Seniors and Juniors, ever on the alert, are watching with an eagle eye every step we take, and are ready to put down on the joke page of the annual in a very exaggerated manner, every detail of our innocent blunders. This year, I presume, that they will have the pleasure of heading their wonderful joke column with a line something like this,—"Lost in the hall,—Freshmen Wanderers Led by Billy Deakyne and Clatie O'Banion." "But sh!!! perhaps the dear little Senior boys were too busy shooting paper wads and the girls studying (?) their German lesson to notice it.

She next "game" we play is our Latin recitation. Miss Towne reads the first chapter of Caesar to us and we are able to understand and translate about as much of it as we would be able to understand a conversation among the three Chinamen at Sing Lee's laundry. We gradually become acquainted and, in the mean time, get all the initiation we care about, but when we find that when we are tired and weary of everything else, the best place to go to have our spirits aroused is room number eleven.

In conclusion, I must say that the result of all this is, that we Freshies are in a continual nervous strain from the time we receive our eight grade diplomas until we are safely seated in the rows occupied by the "enlightened" Sophomores. (No wonder our mammas always let us play with our dolls and tin soldiers during vacation.) We have just one comforting thought uppermost in our minds, and it is this—we'll all be Sophomores next year. (Mabe!)

EDITH SCALLY, '13.

M is for the mercy the teachers don't show
When the answer too often, "zero."
They say we must study, not half so much sport
Or they'll have to cut on our class report.

Biography of A Chicken.

WHEN I began my life, I thought the world must be very small, judging from what I could see of it in my tiny little prison. I soon grew dissatisfied with my surroundings and began to scratch and peck at the walls of my little home. Presently I had a small opening in one side, which grew larger at every peck. I worked diligently at my task until I had an opening large enough to get my head out, when, quite unexpectedly, the house fell apart and I found myself in the midst of a company of other little brothers and sisters exactly like myself, all nestled under mother's warm feathers.

After a time I decided to view my surroundings, so I peeped out from under mother's wing. Everything looked so large and scarey that I became frightened and longed to be back in my little home again. But alas! it was destroyed forever and I had to learn to endure the trials my race is subject to.

I was cared for by my mother and spent some of the happiest days of my youth under her protection. Many a time I slept under her sung wings or rode on her soft feathery back, and in fact, enjoyed all the pleasures of a baby chick.

When I was about nine weeks of age, I was left to fight my own way thru life, as mother thought she had given me enough training to encourage me to grow up and be a useful little hen as she has been.

DORA DOVERSBERGER, '13.

Suppose.

Suppose your lessons, Freshie, dear,
Are difficult to get,
Let me tell you, listen here,
'Twill do no good to fret.
Keep working and a-trying,
Till at last you've got them all,
Then you can always answer "Six,"
For every day's roll call.

Suppose the school don't please you,
Nor the way some teachers do,
Do you think the whole faculty
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my Freshmen friends,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

BESSIE TRANBARGER, '13.

Q stands for Qteness, a disease that appears
Along in the last half of the four years.
It is a fact that none can dispute
That the Seniors are always Qte.

His Request.

THE day was extremely cold. The biting air, however, seemed to make James Brown all the more energetic, as he hastily packed his trunk. He was going away. Yes, owing to the scarcity of work in the village of B—— he had decided to seek work elsewhere. He was going to start at seven fifteen and it was now five minutes until seven.

At ten minutes past seven, James stood on the platform of the crowded depot. Beside him stood his aged mother and care-worn father. At exactly seven fifteen, the monstrous engine came puffing in and stopped. The numerous passengers hastily scampered to their seats and as James kissed his parents good-bye, he turned his head to hide the almost incontrollable tear which insisted on showing itself. After giving his head an impatient toss he said, "Good-bye," and hurried on with the remainder of the passengers to try to secure a seat.

His mother and father were turning away, feeling that they might never see their son again, when they heard James' voice calling, "Mother". They turned quickly and saw James raise the window and throw to them a bit of paper. His mother eagerly grasped it as it fluttered within her reach. She read its contents,—then smiled. This is what it said: "Mother, don't forget to send me the 'Tiptonian' for 1910."

MILDRED CRAIG, '13.

O is for the order the teachers demand,
And if you don't keep it with pencil in hand,
They set down your name and the next thing you know
Your place will be changed to the front of the row.

Memories.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, on your way,
Make me a school boy just for today!
Instructors, return from the glorious past
And permit me to sit in that dear old class.
Make me to glance in my books, as of old,
Searching for knowledge that yet is untold.
Over my studies your eagle eye keep,
While I am cramming in knowledge so deep.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years,
Back to the high school with joys and with fears,—
Work without recompense, toil without gain;
To hear the mild voice of a teacher proclaim,
"Your heads are quite empty, 'tis true, I declare,
Were I to expel you, 'twould only be fair."
Then with renewed vigor our task we resumed,
While over our studies we fretted and fumed.

Tired of the world, the base, the untrue,
My dear T. H. S., my heart longs for you!
Fill me with history and Latin galore;
Fill me with that fullness I've oft felt before.
The sight of your halls which reechoed my voice,
Would, as in olden days make me rejoice.
So then take me back again, just for today,
My lesson and exercise once more to say.

All thru the years of silence so long,
The tests and "exams" still cling like a song.
The lectures received and the credits denied
Still fill me with terror I never can hide;
Though all of these facts serve to fill me with strife,
To back in the high school, I'd give half my life.
High school, dear high school, with your joys and your pain,
How gladly I'd welcome your presence again.

HUGH SHOOK.

P is for the Pattern the Seniors have given,
Which can not be beat on this side of fair heaven.
They're perfectly peaceful, They're brainy, they're right,
Say, this is the class that is just out of sight.

The Soliloquoy of a School Mouse.

MY! that was an awful dream! I am glad I woke up, I must have been asleep for hours, and I am as hungry as any mouse ever was. I guess I will try to find something to eat in that school room. Those boys and girls sitting over there in rows think they can scare me by making those funny noises, but I guess not, and I shall keep right on. Wonder what this girl over here by me is doing on top of the desk? That lady teacher who has been at the black board must be alarmed by the way she is going back there to those boys. She seems to be telling them something, but I cannot hear it. She must have excited them, for they have got up and are coming this way, but they can't scare me. Oh! I wish I had started back a little sooner, for those boys are between me and that old knot hole, but I know where another one is over on the other side of the room, and I shall just run over there. Gracious! I must be great by the way those girls get out of my way, but I wish they would not make so much noise in doing so. Here is that lady who was at the blackboard; I shall just run up and punish her for sending those boys after me. My! how she can run! I shall not follow her but try to get into that hole that boy is watching with a fire shovel. Now he is raising it over his head and letting it fall, so I shall have to hurry or it will light on me.

* * * * *

There was a sudden crash of tin, and one of the students acted as pall-bearer at the funeral of Mr. Mousey.

EARL LUDWIG, '12.

N is for note-book and the night-oil we burn
In order to tabulate what here we learn,
The teachers require it or 'twould never be done
For keeping up note-books isn't much fun.

Scraps from Pinkie's Ledger.

AFTER eight long and now pitiable years, the present Freshman class has passed the toils and privations of common school life and arrived at the threshold of a new and mysterious four years of supposed bliss and enjoyment. In the ecstacy of the moment, I resolve to keep a ledger of my doings in the land of Physics and Algebra, and hand it down as a mighty inducement to the younger generation.

September 3rd is spent in feverish preparation. With quaking heart I get down "Tom Brown at Oxford" and read it thru in the vain hope of finding out how to conduct myself in a fitting manner, and I am also overwhelmed with buckets of advice by all too willing Sops. Finally, however, I become suspicious of this sort of advice and way down in my heart, I resolve to follow in the wake of Stanley Springer and Clatie O'Banion so that I may be sure not to stray from the straight and narrow way.

September 4th, 5:10 a. m. I am ready for school and look in perplexity at my framed diploma. How am I to carry it, and what would they do with sixty-seven framed diplomas. After a little figuring on what sized room it would take to hold sixty-seven such pieces of framed bric-a-brac, I gave it up as a bad job and resolve to take only my report card. Then follows an hour of vain and feverish search until I suddenly remember having used it in kindling a fire soon after reading it.

With a mad determination to obtain a written recommendation from Mr. VanBuskirk, if necessary, I rush to the school building where I find several others with my same ailment, patiently waiting for the doors to open.

After a period of awe upon entering, it is explained to me that the writing on the board is not Greek, but the program, and that Mr. Dodds' middle name is Gail, not Gabriel. I choose a fine seat in the back of the room in sight of the town clock and within easy whispering distance of fourteen boys. I occupy this seat about sixteen minutes when I am informed that I am on the sophomore side of the room, and, after another minute of suspense, I am removed to the front of the room with Preacher Loucks on my left and and a few pious Sophs on my right.

September 5–6–7. I listen to the tales of woe which have overcome undutiful freshmen, as told by the Sophs. I hear of hazing and hair cutting until I go around a block to keep from crossing the path of a fire-eating sophomore.

September 10th. While engaged in innocent sport, a band of four terrible sophs slip up and bind Raymond Little and me, and barely miss Master Harry Albertshardt, who unceremoniously seeks the protection of his parental roof from whence he looks upon the scene from afar. Here upon we are quietly informed that we will have just one hundred and seventy six more stunts to perform than if he were with us. A rope is produced and we are bound and gagged in the most approved fashion.

Encouraged by frequent jabs, we make our way out to a lonely section of the

R is for Rules, supposed to be kept
But in dodging them all, each class is adept
And also for Reasons, in each fertile brain
For forgetting these Rules, without censure or blame.

"Piano Addition." On the road, we are entertained by various hair-raising stories and vague hints of impending disaster. After the usual mudpuddle stepping exercise and a dust bath, and after sacred vows to worship "The Most High and Puissient Sophomores" to the best of our ability we are released, and the chances are we shall not venture out after dark for a while.

Nov. 2nd. Class spirit begins to leak out. The sophomores, thru a series of brilliant maneuvers around our watchful janitors, place their class colors on the top of the building. We perceive their daring with awe and, after a council of war, send one of our number to ask permission of the faculty to place ours in their stead. Of course the answer and up the present time there has been quite a few also a very strange scarcity of colors to decorate and Hershal Francis made Eugene Pyke take to his mortification and to the Seniors and rest of school.

How Ralph Gets His Lessons.

We know how Ralph Kemp gets his Latin Lessons. Ralph teaches a Sunday School class and this is the lesson he tried to teach one Sunday:

1. Though I speak with the tongues of Profs and Seniors and have not a Pony, I am become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

2. And though I have the gift of translating and understanding all coustructions and all references, and though I have numerous notes so that I could translate even GOETHE'S FAUST or ORBIS PICTUS, and have not a Pony I am nothing.

3. And though I return my books to the rental library, and though I sell my second hand books at half price, it profiteth me nothing.

4. A Pony lasteth long and weareth not out; a Pony hath no conscience, is not puffed up.

5. Does not behave itself unseemingly; seeketh not to be known; is not easily discovered; produceth no evil.

6. Rejoiceth not in lucky STALL, but is gladdened by a good translation.

7. Translateth all things, explaineth all things, teacheth all things, beareth all things.

8. A Pony never faileth, but whether there be translations they shall be forgotten; whether there be notes, they shall fade; whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away.

9. For we know in the past and we translate in the past.

10. But when a Pony is at hand that which is guess work shall be done away with.

11. When I was a freshman I spoke as a freshman, I understood as a freshman, I thought as a freshman, but when I became a Senior I put away childish things.

12. For THEN I translated without a Pony poorly; but now I have an Excellent Horse. Then I knew in part but now I know even as my Pony knoweth.

13. And now abideth knowledge, guess work, and a Pony, these three, but the greatest of these is the Pony.

14. PRAISE YE THE PONY.

S is for Strenous Stunts on the field
That our Athletes performed; not with sword or with shield,
But with pig skin and bat, their glory did win
The fellows that met them will not "come agin."

Five and Thirty Students Linked in Story.

A **Deakyne** and a **Parson** accompanied by a **Stewart** were one day going to a **Bethel** which stood in a **Glenn** in the center of the **Woods.** Although they were scarce of **Pearls, Berls,** and **Opals,** or any other jewels they were taking **Hardy Holly** berries to decorate their **Little** church. The way was **Long,** but they passed several **Wells** from which they could **G. E. T.** a **Good** drink. On their way they met a **Miller** who being a **Richman** gave them each a **Pence.** They went on down the **Pyke** and at last they came to a **Barr,** having climbed this they were in the **Grove.** Soon they came to a **Brookbank** where they saw a **Martin,** a **Herron** and some **Moore Quear** birds with **Webbed** feet and as the wind **Shook** the leaves and **Reeds** they could hear them **Russell.** They tarried here so long that before they could reach their destination they were caught in several **Showers,** but **Rays** of sunshine soon dispelled the gloom and as they **Carried** their offerings to the alter, they **Earnestly** sang their **Carrols.**

GRACE TRIMBLE, '10.

T is for Tardiness, O me, and O my,
If you are tardy you must always tell why
Or bring a written excuse with you,
Or you'll go straight home that's what you'll do.

The Juniors at the Photographers.

AT one o'clock on Friday, Nov. 5, 1909, the Junior Class of the Tipton High School assembled at the photograph gallery to have their pictures taken for the Tiptonian. Neither the Seniors nor the Faculty wished to make the class vain, but they seemed very anxious to have this picture to beautify the Annual.

Above the noise which the class was making could be heard the moans and groans of the camera as it thought of the painful ordeal that awaited it. At last the photographer informed them that all was ready. The girls plunged for the mirror, which was now nearly broken, for it had been in constant use. Then all went into the room where the camera was quaking with fear, notwithstanding its vain efforts to be brave.

One member of the class imagined that spectacles would be a great improvement to his looks, and he could hardly be forced to remove the borrowed property. After all had been arranged, so as to help the looks of their neighbors, as each secretly thought. and after they had been still about five minutes, the longest the class has been known to be quiet, the photographer informed them that all was over.

They all jumped, each telling how he had looked, and several took an extra glance at the glass. The camera was heard to exclaim in its surprise, "Why, they are not so bad as I had expected. Just a bunch of jolly, fine looking boys and girls; it must have been the Sophomore Class that I was dreading."

CARRIE TRITTSCHUH, '11.

U is the letter that stands for U,
And if you've read these lines all through
Surely U've lots of time to waste,
Or else U haven't very good taste.

Epitaphs---Grave and Gay.

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum", is a maxim by no means universally followed by framers of sepulchral inscriptions, and many a barbed arrow has been shot in this way at the reputation of the departed.

Admiration, flattery, toleration, vanity, envy, hatred, malevolence, spite and general eccentricity may be found side by side in almost any church yard.

It is said on the stone of an auctioneer buried at Greenwood appear the words

Going, Going, Gone!

Very quaint and eccentric is the following:—

Here lie the bones of Martha Gwynn,
Who was so very pure within,
She broke the outer shell of sin,
And thence was hatched a Cherubim.

That tomb stones have been used for the purposes of commercial advertisements is well-known; witness the following:—

Beneath this stone in hopes of Zion
Is laid the landlord of the Lion.
Resigned unto the heavenly will,
His son keeps on the business still.

This seasonable epitaph was found on the tomb stone of an infant who died aetatis four months:—

Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land of thy youth.

The exigencies of rhyme were responsible for this:—

Here lies John Bunn,
Who was killed by a gun,
His name wasn't Bunn, but his real name was Wood,
But Wood wouldn't rhyme with gun, so I thought Bunn would.

Grammar is thrown to the winds in:—

She's gone and cannot come to we,
But we shall shortly go to she.

The following, on the Earl of Kildare, is from the pen of Swift:—

Who killed Kildare, who dared Kildare to kill?
Death killed Kildare, who dare kill who he will.

V is for vacation,
When we put our books away.
And enjoy recreation
For many and many a day.

A Midwinter Night's Episode.

Scene: West Street, near Walnut Street, Tipton, Indiana.
Time: Half past one o'clock, A. M.
Characters: G. G. Dodds, his girl and highwayman.

Dodds (to his girl:)—Hark! ho! what have we here?
Holdup.—Your money or your brains sir, do I require,
So give me what thou hast about you.
Or thou shalt never ire.
Dodds (to his girl:)—He brave doth speak as if he meant.
His Girl—This I thought, for I dids't see on yester'eve an evil sign.
Holdup—I sure do mean for idle words doth never leave mine lips.
Dodds—My friend, you are a proper man.
Holdup—Make hast for I must be gone.
(at which Mr. Dodds and his girl sprints off and leaves the holdup.)

PAUL E. BARR, '11.

School from the Standpoint of an Egotistic Junior.

Of all the students in the school,
The Juniors are the best, sir.
They learn their lessons every day
And never flunk in a test, sir.
The girls are the prettiest in the school,
The boys the handsomest too, sir.
In every contest of any sort,
The others say "boo–hoo", sir.
In basket ball, in foot ball, too,
We always show our might, sir;
And when it comes to class day quarrels
We always (?) win the fight, sir.

PAUL BARR, '11.

W is for Wisdom, a thing
Of which the poets love to sing,
That we have it you can tell,
Because these verses sounds so well?

What Makes a Lady?

What makes a lady, do you say?
Is it frills and ribbons gay,
Soft, white hands and beautiful face,
With silks and satins her form to grace;
Is that what makes a lady?

Or is it the station in life they hold,
Amply supplied with jewels and gold,
Accomplished in music and the arts,
With polished manners and selfish hearts,
That makes them ladies?

With haughty and overbearing airs,
Caring only for social affairs,
Demanding attention from every source,
But giving none to others, of course.
Do you call that a lady?

Or is it the one with pleasant face,
Kind hearted and generous with simple grace,
With hands that for others are willing to work,
Never attempting her duty to shirk;
That you would call a lady?

Refined in her tastes though poor she may be,
Sweet tempered and gentle with kind sympathy;
Striving to merit a life on high,
Doing by others as she'd be done by.
That is what I call a lady.

GRACE TRIMBLE, '10.

X–stands for—well do you know what,
C–an't you guess it right on the spot?
U–nknown quantity it can't be to you—
S–urely you've forged at least one or two,
E–very one has that e'er went to school.

Senior Class Poem.

The days we've spent in High School,
  How quickly they have passed!
We scarcely now can realize
  That these days are the last.

It seems that but few months have fled,
  Since we were Freshmen shy,
Zealously working that we might be
  Sophomores, by and by.

As Sophomores we still strove on,
  For Juniors we would be.
We always aim to place our goal
  Ahead of us, you see.

When we at last were Juniors,
  O happy students then,
For we saw a great year ahead of us
  The spring of nineteen ten.

Now that the longed for spring is here,
  We anxiously await
The coming of the glorious night
  When we shall graduate.

Then out into the busy world
  We, each of us, must go,
And what our fortunes there may be,
  'Tis not for us to know.

But whether failure or success
  Attends our future ways,
'Twill ever be with pleasure
  We'll recall these happy days.

SENIORS '10.

Y is for the Year Book of our school
Which is very nice as a rule,
And we hope you will not feel otherwise when,
You reach this Annual of nineteen ten.

The Purple and The Gold.

(Tune---"Columbia The Gem of The Ocean.")

I.

We know of a class in Indiana,
That loves Royal Purple and Gold,
With hearts that are true and as loyal,
As hero in story of old.
They sing in the hours of their leisure,
They work in the hours they should work,
And find all the sweeter their pleasure.
For the duties they never will shirk.

CHORUS:

Three cheers for the Purple and the Gold,
Three cheers for the Purple and the Gold,
For our colors yell now and forever,
Three cheers for the Purple and the Gold.

II.

Long may thy Gold be a beacon
To light up the pathway of life;
May thy Purple e'er be the true Royal
Which shall keep us too noble for strife.
As they mingle and float in the sunshine,
May the God who looks down from above,
Fill the hearts of thy members with goodness,
Guide their steps with his infinite love.

CHORUS:

III.

And here's to the Tipton High School,
And here's to the dear Prussian Blue;
Not half of thy truth and thy goodness,
Has been told to thy children true.
Thou art worthy to grace, song, and story,
Thou art worthy a place in each heart.
We will share in thy strength and thy glory,
In thy trials we'll each bear a part.

CHORUS:

Three cheers for the Prussian Blue,
Three cheers for the Prussian Blue,
For our High School yell now and forever,
Three cheers for the dear Prussian Blue.

Z is for zero
Do you know what that is?
If you should e'er get one,
Just get down to "biz."

Senior Organization.

President	RALPH KEMP
Vice-President	MARY SMITH
Secretary and Treasurer	SAMUEL D. GROVES
Historian	CAMILLE LIGGETT
Class Poet	HERSCHEL FRANCIS
Chaplain	BETHEL TEMPLETON
Sergeant-at-Arms	JAMES HOGAN

Class Emblem

Royal Purple and Old Gold.

Class Flower

White Rose.

Motto

Fide et Amore Vicimus.

Class Yell

Hi Rickety! Whooperty Dass!
What's the Matter With the One Naught Class?
We are in it, in it, When?
'Till after the year of 1910.

RALPH KEMP.

August 4, 1891.

"A horse! A horse!
My Kingdom for a horse."

Present home. Tipton

SAMUEL D. GROVES.

March 21, 1890.

"Eternal smiles his emptiness betray.
So shallow streams run dimpling all the the way."

Present Home. Tipton

HERSCHELL FRANCIS.

June 22, 1891.

"His presence bringeth with him an essence of the planted field."

Present Home. Tipton

GRACE TRIMBLE.

April 18, 1891.

"Mislike me not for my complexion, the shadow'd livery of the burning sun."

Present Home. Tipton

LOUIS HURLEY.

October 19, 1890.

"Who can by his wit,
Three inches to his stature lend."

Present Home. Tipton

CAMILLE LIGGETT.

June 21, 1891.

I know a maiden, fair to see,
Take care!
She can both hostile and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!

Present Home. Tipton

FLOYD WEBB.

November 26, 1889.

And when there's a lady in the case.
You know all other things give place.

Present Home. Tipton

MARY SMITH.

March 27, 1890.

A quiet, demure maiden.

Present Home. Goldsmith

RALPH KIRTLEY.

May 17, 1890.

He was utterly so without ambition.

Present Home. Tipton

BERTHA RUSSELL.

December 24, 1892.

"What I will, I will and there's an end."

Present Home. Tipton

GEORGE WOOD.

July 14, 1890.

"Slow but sure."

Present Home. Frankfort

HAZEL COCHRAN.

November 21, 1890.

"A type of Puritan maiden,
Modest, and simple and sweet."

Present Home. Tipton

BETHEL TEMPLETON.

April 23, 1892.

"My deeds are full of vim and go,
My brain is full of H_2O."

Present Home. Hobbs

CLARA DOVERSBERGER.

January 19, 1891.

"For thou shalt find, She will outstrip all praise.
And make it halt behind her."

Present Home. Tipton

PAUL SMITH.

MAY 4, 1891.

"A cheerful countenance betokens a good heart."

Present Home. Curtisville

FLORENCE FRISZ.

December 5, 1892.

"She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud."

Present Home. Tipton

JAMES HOGAN.

October 16, 1892.

"He has a winning weigh."

Present Home. Tipton

EDNA REPP.

May 18, 1893.

"In each cheek appears a pretty dimple."

Present Home. Tipton

PAUL VAN BUSKIRK.

May 18, 1893.

"Bashfulness is more often a sign of wisdom than over-assurance."

Present Home. Tipton

FLORENCE ILLGES.

December 31, 1891.

"Her heart, they say, is not in her work, but elsewhere."

Present Home. Tipton

DUDLEY WAGSTAFF.

August 24, 1891.

"A Dunce with Wits, and a Wit with Dunces."

Present Home. Tipton

SYLVIA SLOANE.

November 12, 1891.

"Mild, Meek and Merciful."

Present Home. Goldsmith

The Cause of the Senior's Woe.

DANE PATTERSON.

November 11, 1892

"O royal Dane.
Answer Me!"

Present Home. Tipton

CHARLOTTE WELLS.

September 28, 1893.

"Not awed to duty by superior sway."

Present Home. Tipton

ERSIE MARTIN.

MAY 26, 1891.

"Wait until you hear me from the pulpit. then you cannot answer me."

Present Home. Medora

BLANCHE HOLMAN.

October 10, 1893.

"A Jewel,
Well worth a poor man's taking."

Present Home. North Conde St.

The Seniors in the Land of Adventure.

THE party of adventurers having just returned from the encounters of the Junior year, were now entering upon the dignified duties of a Senior, which comprised a number of expeditions into the unknown, where were many monsters. These must, of course, be overcome.

The Knights and Ladies started out in the autumn when the sunshiny days of September were still holding sway. They were in high spirits and considered the novel journey, in which Knights and Ladies were to take equal risks, great sport. Everything went smoothly for a long time and they began to pine for adventure, when they suddenly saw the mouth of a very dark cave which loomed up before them. They were upon it and had almost entered before they realized that it was there.

Of course they were very much frightened, but since they had been told to investigate everything which was extraordinary, they rode slowly into the dark cavern. Far in the distance, they could not tell how far, a tiny light was burning. It was the only brilliant thing in the black night of the cave. They rode toward this for many days and nights, but at each turn of the peculiar, winding path they seemed to become more entangled and less apt to get out. Sometimes they could see, by means of torches which were lighted occasionally, that they were in a sort of a square room which looked very much like a cube. Sometimes they seemed to be riding around in a circle, at other times the rooms took on the shape of triangles, but they always managed to get out of these places and into the next; though they knew not how.

At last they came upon the light suddenly and every thing was clear and bright. But, sadly to say, the light was in a room which was made entirely of glass, and before they could get to it they must discover the way of entrance. After a long search they found a small door, but as soon as it was opened a terrible creature sprang at them and barred the only way of admittance. They could not tell exactly what it looked like, but it seemed to have a triangle for a head with large spheres of fire for eyes, a spherical triangle for a nose, an ellipse for a mouth, and a many sided body, which was very long indeed, terminated by a tail, which was much longer than the body, and which ended in a sort of tassel that resembled a rhombus. It switched this peculiar tail incessently and bellowed very loudly.

The frightened adventurers wondered what sort of monster this could be, but as it turned sideways they saw written upon one of the many sides of its body, the name Geometrolius. They looked at each other in consternation. This was the monster which made people work out many strange figures and from which very few escaped.

Geometrolius walked into the glass room and they followed wondering at at their easy entrance after the opposition at first. They all set to work immediately at the strange figures and, after much labor, all were successful. Some

of the Ladies had more trouble than others, but these also succeeded in the end. This was accomplished after many days and the party was glad, indeed, to walk out of the mysterious cave into daylight.

They went on their way once more and soon came to a dense wood which seemed to have no path of exit. They rode for a long time and after failing many times to discovered a path which would carry them out safely, they came to the conclusion that they were lost in the famous forest of Latinia. Truly there adventures had begun in earnest. They had no idea of what they would have to do, but they were not left long in doubt; for suddenly a giant rose up from the ground. He was very large, being about thirty or forty feet tall, and his shoulders were so broad that he looked as tho he might support a large building on them with the greatest of ease. He was laughing silently, but when our heroes and heroines looked about for some way of escape, he gave vent to such a roar of laughter that it shook all the earth around; after which he informed them that they must read for him four books of a certain history which was written in a language never before seen by them.

Again all set to work, and after a long struggle of many days they began to wish earnestly and devoutly for a PONY which would carry them away on the wings of the wind. But this help came to none of them.

They did not know how long they had labored when a light suddenly dawned upon them and they were able to read the strange language. As before one or two were not so successful as the rest, but these managed to get thru after a time. When the task was finished a path suddenly appeared in the forest and they went on once more.

Their ride was peaceful and uneventful for a long time, but they soon came to what looked to be a large shop or factory of some sort. They were compelled to ride into this place for it stood directly in their path. As soon as they had entered the great iron door closed with a clang behind them and they began to feel quite hopeless.

In here all was confusion. It the distance they could hear strange noises which sounded like explosions. Steam engines could be heard, motors were whirring and buzzing, and suddingly a cloud of blue smoke came floating toward them which made them choke and sneeze as they breathed the stiffling air.

When they had gone a great distance into the building, a queer looking object loomed up before them. Its body resembled a steam engine, its head a large body with an almost spherical base, and its bulging eyes were small incandescents which constantly changed their color. It seemed to be propelled by wheels, but still they could not be sure.

The fate of people who came into the clutches of this strange creature was well known over all the land. The victem must either compose some sort of compound, or invent a machine. The adventurers knew this very well, but they wished to see what others were doing before they began, what they supposed to be, a fatal task; for woe be unto the one who was not successful. He was compelled to remain in this place all the remainder of his life.

As they went thru they saw all classes and descriptions of people. Some were trying zealously to invent a perpetual motion machine, and they sighed hopelessly as they wished they had never begun the task. Others were trying to

make a new compound by putting several chemicals together, and this invariably resulted in an explosion.

The adventurers were hopeless indeed after having seen these things, but they set to work, having no choice but to do so: and after much labor one and all were again successful. Some, it is true, had great trouble. It was almost impossible for them to keep their minds clear, on the different phases of the work long enough to accomplish anything, but they finally did so. Then one and all started once more on their travels.

They were much encouraged now even though the sky was not half so bright as at the beginning of their journey, and they felt that surely there could not be many more dangers for them and that the remaining ones must be much easier. They were doomed to disappointment, however, for they soon came to a frowning, gray castle the gates of which opened like a book for them to enter.

They rode over the drawbridge and inside of the castle wall running toward them was a very large man with a head which resembled that of Shakespear. He conducted them into the castle, after which he begged them to be seated and talk for a while. After a long conversation the weary travelers found that this Moody person, who begged them to Lovett, knew all about their shortcommings,—how they had slighted his very famous book know as "The History of English Literature," how they had declared that they knew what was in it without having studied it at all, and how they had groaned and begged for mercy whenever they found that some part of it must be read. Now, in order to punish them for all this, he intended to make them study this book until they were thoroughly acquainted with all of the writers, and their works, which were discussed in the book.

A terrible groan went thru the crowd at this. Of course they knew that it could be done, and that it was not a hopeless task, but to have to do the very thing that they had been trying to avoid all of this time and to have to do it even more thoroughly than had been required of them heretofore, was simply unbearable.

However they knew it must be done, so they set to work at it and even when they had to listen to a recital of their shortcommings, which was kindly given them ever once in a while, they managed to do the work with rather good grace. The task was finished at last, as all tasks are after a time, and though some used the entire length of time alloted them and others were to be counted successful upon the fulfilment of various conditions, they were all practically successful in the end.

After they had left the castle far behind they came to two surging rocks. Upon one the name Germanicus was carved, upon the other Historia. The road went directly between these so that it was impossible to avoid passing between them. After they had passed by two of the three parts of Germanicus, namely: "Immensee", and "L'Arabliata", several of the followers dropped out on account of other conflicts and fear. But the majority went on and were successful in passing the last part, "Schweigersohn", in safety.

Next they passed the parts of Historia with very little trouble and their journey was at an end. Now the sun was shining brightly, the birds singing, and

the flowers blooming when they reached their native land once more, which they did with very little more trouble. They were very happy to be in their own castle again and enjoyed the great banquet which was given in their honor very much indeed. They all vowed that this should be their last long journey in search of adventure for a long time to come.

For some of them it was the last journey. For others it was the last for a long time, but for a few the journeys seemed to go on and on and they were always searching for adventure.

CAMILLE M. LIGGETT, '10.

Senior Class Prophecy.

Hocienda San Jose de Miraflores,
Manzanillo, Colima, Mexico.
June 16, 1922.

MISS GRACE TRIMBLE,
Supt. of Public Instruction,
Manila, Philippine Islands.

MY DEAR GRACE:

A few days ago I received your letter asking me if I knew anything of the graduates of 1910. Yes, I think I can give you the desired information as I have heard from each of them occasionally ever since I have been here, and it is with great pleasure that I do so, for from what I hear all of them seem to be making a grand success of life; indeed there are so many good things to tell you of them that I hardly know where to begin.

In the first place, Herschel Francis is the owner and head manager of a neighboring ranch and whenever I see him, which is quite often, I think of how he looked at the party twelve years ago. Oh my, how I wish we could all be together once more as we were that night.

And, Samuel Don Groves, you will be surprised to hear that he is practicing medicine here and is, of course, my family physician.

Florence Illges paid me a visit a few months ago and knowing that she had been studying palmistry as an avocation I requested her to read my palm. I will not take time to tell all the nice things she foretold of me but I feel certain that if her present good fortune should ever fail her she could easily make a living by fortune telling.

Bethel Templeton has become a famous magician. I attended an entertainment which he gave in Mexico City a few weeks ago and it surpassed anything I have ever seen in that line. I have seen Durno, but he out-Durnoed Durno.

I am expecting to see Bertha in the near future. She taught for several years, but is now married and has promised to make me a visit while on her wedding tour.

When we sent to New York for a first-class decorator for our new house, to my surprise who should come but my old friend Dudley Wagstaff. And lately, I saw an advertisement for D. Wagstaff & Company, Decorators and Furnishers, New York City, U. S. A. Dudley has developed into a business man after all.

Besides these several of the girls have written to me from time to time, and from the tone of their letters they all seem to be enjoying themselves. Only this morning I received a beautiful letter from Mary Smith in which she spoke enthusiastically of her success as a missionary in Central Africa. She is happy in her chosen work and altho she gets very homesick she has no thought of giving up.

Blanche Holman has been studying music in Germany for the last four years and in her last letter she said she was planning a concert tour of Europe.

Camille Liggett has been at Leipsic studying for grand opera and she made her debut in the Teatro della Scala, at Milan, as Nedda in "II Pagliacci."

Among the other letters which I have received from my old pupils was one from Sylvia. She told me that after a few more years in school she had moved to Texas, but at the time of her writing was preparing to return to good old Indiana.

One of the nicest presents which I received for my last birthday was a beautiful little picture which Charlotte Wells who is studying art in Italy sent me. She has won considerable fame as a painter and I prize it very greatly.

I suppose you have been reading Clara Doversberger's books. She is winning great renown as an authoress. I have just finished "The Conqueror," and expect to begin reading the "White Rose" immediately. I certainly enjoy her works and shall endeavor to get a complete set of them for my library.

The last time I saw Herschel he told me that Paul Smith having visited all the points of interest in the Americas was going to spend a week with him before going to the Old World. I hope I shall get to see him while he is here.

Oh! I must not forget to tell you that I received a catalogue the other day from Louis Hurley's great wholesale house in Montreal. I suppose Louis has transfered his allegiance to the King and is now one of his most loyal subjects.

Of course, Edna Repp was married soon after the close of her high school career. She is now the happy and contented mistress of a mansion in Los Angeles, California. I hear from her quite often and am going to visit her soon.

And you say that Hazel Cochran is a teacher in the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music? Well, I suppose that just suits her. I am indeed glad to hear of her success.

And Florence Frisz has been teaching for several years in St. Mary's Institute, Terre Haute. I wonder if she ever thinks of the part she took in our Christmas entertainment when I was teaching in Tipton. Oh what a time we had, I can just shut my eyes now and see you all. But I must go on with my letter.

To my delight I have noticed that the names of several of the boys who graduated in 1910 have received very favorable mention in the newspapers and and magazines. My! but I am proud of every one of you.

I see that George Woods, who is now a professor of agriculture at Purdue University, is likely to be chosen as the next Secretary of Agriculture in Uncle Sam's cabinet.

Ersie Martin married a prominent Epworth League worker and is now the pastor of the Washington Square M. E. church New York City where he is very happy.

In reading an article on scientific advancement a few days ago, I learned that Dane Patterson is now a great scientist and that his latest text book in chemistry is acknowledged as the best treatise ever written on the subject. The article closed with an elaborate expression of appreciation of Mr. Patterson's work.

Ralph Kemp after a year or two of civil engineering followed in the foot steps of his father and is now a prominent lawyer in New York. I expect to hear soon that he is in congress.

Ralph Kirtley is now on his way to the South Pole. His ship stopped at Manzanillo about a month ago for supplies. While in port he called me up and we had quite a conversation over the telephone. He seemed confident of success.

Samuel Groves tells me that he heard of Floyd Webb some time ago that he had won a gold medal for the best bushel of corn at the Plymouth World's Fair in 1920. Floyd is one of the most prosperous young farmers in Tipton county and in the developing of new varieties of agricultural products is a rival of Burbank.

But the biggest surprise of all was to hear that James Hogan and Paul Van Buskirk, following in the foot steps of Emerson, are conducting a finishing school for young ladies, on Cicero-near-Tipton. Their venture was a grand success from the first as young ladies came from far and near to receive their instructions.

I believe now that I have told you about all of them and had better close or you may have to pay excess freight on this letter. I am having "the time of my young life" and have many more things to tell you, but will defer that until a later date.

Wishing you great success with your chosen work,

I remain as ever,

Your friend,

ETHEL WOODY HORTON.

Written by the editor with apologies to E. W. H., for attaching her name to so crude a composition.

Junior Class Poem.

I.

Juniors, Juniors, we are Juniors
  Energetic students we,
And if present governs future
  We'll great men and women be.

II.

"To the stars through difficulties"
  Is the motto which we chose
Signifying—ever onward
  Spite the things which may oppose.

III.

Dark red roses we selected
  As our favorite class flower
Representing love for knowledge
  Which we strive for hour by hour.

IV.

Gray and dark red are our colors
  May we e'er to them be true
While we'er ever striving onward
  Toward the goal we keep in view.

Junior Organization.

President - - -	HARRY HERRON
Vice-President - -	GLADYS B. BOWLIN
Secretary and Treasurer - -	JOHN D. SMITH

Class Emblem

Dark Red and Gray.

Class Flower

Dark Red Rose.

Motto

To The Stars Thru Difficulties.

Class Yell

Re Rum——-Re Rum!
Re Bo——-Bay Rum!
We're Out to Win
Raise The Din!
We're 5x7
Hail to the Class of 1911.

JUNIORS

ALLAN INNIS, CARL RICHMAN, EUGENE PYKE, BUELL HASKETT, ROBERT SMITH.
CARRIE TRITTSCHUH, GLADYS BOWLIN, MABEL SHOWERS, FLORENCE LEWIS, LYDIA TRIMBLE, PEARLE MAYNE.
HAROLD PATTEN, FRANCIS REED, HARRY HERRON, MAUD HENRY, LEONARD PENCE.

JUNIORS

RAY KIRTLEY, ALOYSIUS McENTEE, PAUL BARR, RAY GLENN, OREN FOSTER.
BERTHA PORTER, JOHN D. SMITH, RUTH ANDERSON, FLOYD MAYNE, RUTH McCONKEY, BERL GRAHAM, HELEN NICHOLSON.
EDITH RAMSAY, HELEN BROWN, JEAN JOHNS.

Junior Class History.

WE, the present Junior Class set forth on our long journey of four years in the old High School building on West Jefferson street. As Freshmen we were not out of the ordinary and considered just an average class. We had many troubles as most Freshmen do. The greatest one was keeping a President. Three were elected before we succeeded in keeping one. At the end of the Freshmen year we thought ourselves very learned in High School ways and that most of our High School troubles were over, but we have since discovered that they had only commenced.

Our Sophomore Year, we were this year in the new High School building, is the most memorable one we have yet known. We were told by all the teachers that we were the best class they had ever met during their High School teaching because we were so very studious and had an inclination to absorb all that was handed us. We closed the year thinking that by the time we had finished High School we would all be able to go out into the would and win fame, each in his own way.

When we returned for our Junior Year it was with the same spirit we ended our Sophomore Year, but we soon discovered that we were not held in the same place in the minds of the teachers. The cause we could not discover though we tried ever so hard. This dampened our surface ardor somewhat, but beneath this we keep saying, "To the stars thru difficulties."

GLADYS BOWLIN, '11.

School from the Standpoint of a (Pessimistic) Junior.

"SCHOOL" is just another name for the large factory where only people under thirty years of age work. The products of this factory are many. Here the worker can not work on the article which he is most suited to make, but he is compelled to manufacture at least five articles. If he happens to come in late, he is docked in that precious pay which so many of us need so badly, namely deportment. Or if a little innocent amusement is started to relieve the monotony of hard work the foreman comes with a terrible frown on his forehead and his finger on his lips and the offenders hurry back to work, knowing only too well that they have lost some more pay. Or one of the assistant foremen comes around with pencil and paper and the names of all the offenders, and often those who are not, are quickly jotted down. And I am sorry to say some persons do not have very much of that precious pay left at the end of the month.

If in the making of parellelograms, boxes, pyramids, or the other numerous things in the mathematical department of this large factory he should accidently leave out an altitude or let his calculations go the wrong way he loses some of the payment which he deserves in this department. Or if in the making of steam engines or lifting pumps or hot air furnaces in the physics department, he should leave a valve out, or put one in the wrong place, he likewise is given a like treatment. Or in his translations from German or Latin, which would enlighten the unappreciative old world, or in his desparate struggles to follow the heroes, or in his wonderfull debates, I say, if in all these things he makes mistakes, he is accorded some very hard treatment.

So he can work in all of these sweat shops until his head swims and then not gain anything after all.

BERTHA PORTER, '11.

We are very glad to inform the reader that students in general take a more optimistic view of school life.

THE EDITORS.

Junior Class Prophecy.

Dear me! only an hour in which to bid farewell to the great art gallery Louvre. For to-morrow I shall be leaving gay Parie. How quickly these years of study have passed. I shall surely never forget these walks I have taken almost daily up from the Picturesque Champs Elysus from the majestic big arch down to the Place de la Concorde where Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI and hosts of others were executed. But I must not stop in this beautiful garden Tuilleries but hurry on into the gallery.

I think I shall have to close my eyes or I shall spend too much time here. I just must take a last look at Murillo's beautiful "Immaculate Conception." And now for the room where the Corots are to be found. I believe I like this "'Dance of the Nymphs" best perhaps because it brings back the memory of other evenings spent in the old Martz Theater at home, where I have often seen a copy of this very picture on the curtain. I can remember as well as—Why Jean Johns! Where in the world did you drop from?—Of all the people I expected to see, the last I heard of you you were teaching kindergarten in San Francisco. Oh, isn't it fine that you got the chance to come with the San Francisco teachers! You will be thoroughly repaid if you have as delightful a time as I have had. Come, let us go over to this little alcove I have just hundreds of questions to ask you.

So two-thirds of the class of '11 were back at the reunion. I tell you it made me mighty home-sick that night when I though what I was missing. Do I remember that class prophecy I wrote when a Junior? Let's see, how did it begin? Oh yes, I have often since laughed about how I pictured myself suffering with a dreadful toothache and, submitting to laughing gas to have it removed, dreamed the future of that wonderful class.

Well, first, what has become of John D? I have so often wondered if he really did become a great military leader. I have always thought that he had enough ambition to accomplish whatever he attempted. Didn't I have Florence a great musician? And she was the first one married! And Gladys Bowlin after all these years of hard study has realized her dream and is now a member of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. She is going to meet me in New York and is going home with me. Oh yes, I just received a letter from Floyd. He lives in Oregon and owns a large ranch there. Didn't I have Helen Brown marry a professor? And you say she married a very wealthy man and is living in Chicago in the midst of luxury.

So Harold and Leonard were at the reunion and both have become history professors. I have always thought that Harold would become a professor, but I never did know what to think of Leonard. I am very glad to hear of their success. What a joke that I had Ray Glenn a circus rider, and he really has settled down and is now the president of the athletic association.

How surprised I am to hear that Ruth McConkey is at the head of the domestic science department in the state university of Iowa. So Lydia did become a noted English teacher as I said in my Junior class prophecy. And what has become of Mabel Showers? Married! you say, and living in a beautiful country home a short distance from Tipton.

There is Paul Barr and Oren Foster, what did they make of themselves? Do you mean to say that they are serving their second term in the Indiana Legislature? I am very much surprised, but I am very glad to hear such good news.

Wasn't it funny that I had Harry Herron a jester in Buffalo Bill vaudeville in in Boston, and you say he has become a famous doctor for all nervous diseases. How glad I am to hear that Ray Kirtly is an eminent lawyer.

You do not mean to say that Bob Smith has developed into a prize fighter! Certainly that is the most astonishing piece of news I have heard for a long time. I am so sorry to hear about Berl Graham. So he fell desperately in love with a beautiful girl in California and as his love was not returned, he is living in a secluded place and is writing to pass the time away. Surely the old saying is true:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these, it might of been."

What has become of Edith and Helen? I almost knew that my class prophecy would hold true concerning them. So they entered into the gayeties of social life and were soon married. I never thought when we were in school that Allan Innis liked to study much, but I just heard the other day that he was a great oculist practicing in New York. Maud Henry became a school teacher, of course? Why you do not mean to say that she is married too! How strange that nearly all the girls in our class have been tempted into matrimony.

Isn't it odd that Carl Richman did not become a Lutheran minister? I never can imagine him as a judge; but as you saw him at the class reunion it must be true. Why, I almost forgot to ask about Ruth Anderson. Did she not become an opera singer? I thought so. Her friends and admirers say that they would go a great distance to hear her sing one German song. Surely you can account for this, for did she not belong to our Deutsche Gesangstunde?

How about Aloysius? How strange that he is a traveling man when I had him a Latin professor. The very idea! to think that he is going to marry one of his old maid customers. So Buell settled down and became a prosperous farmer. Who would have thought that I was going to hear of all my classmates here. Was Bertha Porter at the reunion? What is she doing? An elocutionist! You don't say! And so she travels over the United States and startles her audiences with her wonderful expressive voice.

Jean, I almost feel as if I had been at a class reunion myself, Five o'clock! and I have just five minutes to catch the train back to my hotel. Suppose you go back and spend the evening with me for I haven't half finished asking questions.

PEARL MAYNE, '11.

P. S. Jean reported on her return that Pearl and Eugene are getting along fine and are very happy. Eugene is an artist and is now painting a life size portrait of Pearl.

THE EDITORS.

Sophomore Organization.

President - - -	LOUIS FOSTER
Vice-President - -	MARIE NICHOLSON
Secretary and Treasurer - -	HUGH SHOOK

Class Emblem

Old Gold and Light Blue.

Class Flower

Pink Carnation.

Motto

Do Others Before They Do You.

Class Yell

Rickity rix,
Flikkity flee:
The Class of '12
Will do for me.

Sophomores

James Downey, Donald Tresidder, Allen Johnson, Thomas Robinson, Marcus Harris, Charlotte Carroll,
Edna Little, Cecilia Cullen, Anna Moore, Frances Staats, Gladys Dice,
Earle Ludwig, Marie Nicholson, Gordy Wheatley, Aurelia Long, Madge Stewart, Hugh Shook, Maude Wiggins, Louis Foster, Dallas Francis,
Earnest Rosenthal, Hazel Gordon, Clyde Barr, Dorthy Bell, Anna McAvoy, Paul Bower, Ruth Linthicum, Jesse Miller, Margaret O'Hara,
Frank Hardy.

Sophomore Class History.

THE present Sophomore class had the distinction of being the first Freshman class to enter the new high school building; this made them feel very important despite the fact that they were continually reminded, in very extravagant terms, of course, how insignificant they were.

One of the most trying indignities which they were subject to, for being Freshies, was the process of having their hair cut against their will, and in most unbecoming styles, a task which the dignified Senior boys of nineteen nine took upon themselves "free gratis." The amateur barbers soon found out however that these Freshies had more "spunk" than such little lots are generally supposed to have and were persuaded that it would be wise not to interfere with them in the future. The remainder of their Freshman year was therefore comparatively peaceful.

When this class first entered high school it had forty-two members and although the number is now considerably decreased the Sophomores all show a great interest in their work and if they overcome all difficulties as successfully as they have those arising from Latin, History, Botany, English, and Algebra in this this year's work, their future will indeed be a bright one.

It is the ambition of each of them to graduate in nineteen twelve with high honors and to make a success of life, and with this lofty purpose in their minds they are pushing onward and upward, upward and onward.

Freshman Organization.

President - - -	MINOR BOWER
Vice-President - -	ENOLA DAUM
Secretary and Treasurer - -	EDITH SCALLY

Class Emblem

Old Gold and Black.

Class Flower

Dark Red Carnation.

Motto

Keine Rosen ohne Dornen.

Class Yell

Strawberry Short Cake! Rhubarb Pie!
V—I—C—T—O—R—Y !
Are we in it, well I guess
Class of '13! Yes! Yes! Yes!

Freshmen

Elma Michael, Stanley Springer, Noel Loucks, Emery Clark, Roma Brookbank, Eugene Teter, Lora Parsons, Lillian Tracy, Ethel McNew.
Nora Smelser, Edith Scally, Ernest Brasch, Dora Doversberger, Miriam Trittschuh, John Langan, Marie Patrick, Mildred Craig.
Harold Frisz, Ralph Woods, Nina Smith, Kent Little, Marie Jackson, Argus Shope, Minor Bower.

Freshmen

Sterling Standerford, Alma Doversberger, Albert Gall, Lillian Peters, Homer Allison, Ester Huron, Churchill Cox, Blanche Obeirne, Ward Norris.
Edna Swartz, Will Zehner, Lucile Nickey, Willie Deakyne, Gwendolyn Rouls, Ralph Parsons, Bessie Tranbarger.
Carl Crail, Ida Bruce, George Bower, Emma Teuscher, Ester Scott, Harry Albershardt, Opal Honnold, Myron Seright.

Freshman Class History.

OUR freshman class began its history Sept. 7, 1910, when about seventy eager boys and girls entered the high school and became a part of the student body.

Two weeks of high school life convinced us of the necessity of organization and also helped to determine our motto, "Ohne Dornen Keine Rosen" (No roses without thorns). We left our first class meeting, very proud of the fact that we had elected our full corps of officers and were now as completely organized as the classes above us. Soon after this we had another class meeting in which our president, probably overwhelmed with responsibility of caring for so many uncurbed freshmen, tendered his resignation, but we soon found another president who was willing to sacrifice his interests for the good of his class.

With few exceptions we have followed in the path of all freshmen classes. Quite unintentionally our girls set the style of hair dressing for the senior girls and this naturally made us feel very important but it lasted only a few days. Then, we have had one member who left the class to get married, a fact that seems a little unusual in the freshman class.

With our motto in view we are not only endeavoring to prepare every daily recitation to the best of our ability, but also striving to complete the freshman work and be promoted to the sophomore year.

ALMA DOVERSBERGER, '13.

Society Notes.

The call of the woods proved too strong for the Juniors. Accordingly on Friday afternoon of October first they started in a large farm wagon bound on a nutting expedition. Their destination was Nash's woods, about four miles southwest of town. They gathered a great many walnuts, and, well pleased with their success, they started back to town amid the noise which is characteristic of the jolly Juniors. The nuts were sold and realized a very pleasing sum which was put in the treasury to be used in the future for the benefit of the class.

On Wednesday evening, Oct. 6th, the Senior class was entertained at the home of Hershel Francis, east of town. The crowd left the 6:30 car and were met at Walsh's crossing, by Herschel, with a big hay wagon. They all piled onto this and were conveyed to the Francis home where they settled themselves for an evening of fun and jollity. They indulged in games and social conversation, the time passing by unheeded, until at a very late hour they left declaring that they had spent a most enjoyable evenining.

Desiring to celebrate Hollowe'en the Seniors had a party at Dane Patterson's. The house was decorated in a unique style, mirrors forming a large part of the decorations, and the lights were covered with colored paper, making a ghostly glow over everything. After even this small light had been extinguished and there was nothing left but the light which came from the grinning faces of the Jacko'lanterns, the guests further enhanced this ghostly effect by telling wierd tales.

Refreshments were served at a late hour, and soon after the guests were made to walk down cellar backwards where a couple of ghosts awaited them. Since this was too much for their equanimity they soon departed, leaving the assurance that everything had been appreciated to the fullest extent.

The Sophomores commenced their round of parties with a Hallowe'en hayride. On the night of Oct. 29th the entire class, accompanied by their chaperons, went on a hay wagon to the home of Thomas Robinson, about a mile and one-half south of town, and there spent a merry evening.

The Hallowe'en party of the Juniors was held on Friday evening, Oct. 29th, at the residence of Carl Richman. The Richman home was decorated appropriatly for Holloween and the class went en masque thus adding merriment to the occasion. A fine time was had. A two course luncheon was served, after which the class departed for their respective homes, declaring they had had one of the best times of their varied career as a class.

On the 23rd of Dec., the class of '11 had a party at the home of Paul Barr. They went to his home in a large hay wagon and there were entertained with games among them being forfeits which caused a great time. The refreshments were chosen by means of a mock menu and after they had heartily partaken of these dainties, they returned home.

On Thursday afternoon, Dec. 23rd, the Seniors entertained the high school and the departmental classes with a one act Christmas Comedy entitled, "Is Santa Claus A Fake?" in which all the members of the class took part. It was highly amusing and was one number of the many interesting and instructive programmes given by the different classes during the term.

The Seniors showed their esteem and regard for Miss Woody and their good intentions toward Miss Scotten by a reception given at the home of Ralph Kemp, January 17th, which was both a farewell to Miss Woody and a welcome to Miss Scotten.

During the evening many enjoyable games were played. A short programme was arranged in which a mock wedding figured an important part and also a vocal solo which was highly appreciated.

Miss Woody was presented with a High School souvenir spoon as a token of the affection with which she was regarded by the Senior class. At a late hour refreshments were served and the guests departed after having bid Miss Woody farewell with much lamentation.

The Junior Reception was held at the home of Florence Lewis, on North West Street, Friday evening, May 13.

Juanita Tresidder, Charlotte Wells, and Blanche Holman entertained the Senior class and Faculty on Tuesday night, May 3rd.

The guests assembled at the home of Blanche Holman where they made merry. Samples of the girl's dresses were distributed among the boys and by these they chose their partners for luncheon.

A luncheon was served of: Tomato bouillion, reception flakes, olives. After partaking of this the guests were told to get ready to go on a journey. The members of the class started out and formed themselves into a train with a motorman and conductor to lead the way and look after the welfare of the passengers.

The train stopped at the home of Charlotte Wells and the passengers were served the second course of the luncheon consisting of: Hot rolls, jelly, waldorf salad, veal loaf, coffee. Partners were formed for the next journey by matching paper dolls. After the second journey they stopped at Juanita Tresidder's where the last but not the least course of the dainty luncheon was served. The last course consisted of cream, wafers and mints. After luncheon the guests were entertained by a contest in which the prize, a beautiful T. H. S. pennant, was won by Edna Repp. After an hour of games and music the favors, small T. H. S. pennants, were distributed and the guests left for their homes highly congratulating the hostesses upon their novel form of entertainment and party and pronouncing the evening a most decided success in every way.

The Graduating Class of '10 gave a class picnic on May 4th to round up their four years of pleasure together. They departed on the 10:30 car for Kokomo Park with heavily laden lunch baskets. After reaching the park they first hunted a desirable place for eating and prepared dinner. As soon as dinner was over the class scattered themselves over the park and spent the afternoon, some in playing ball, skating, and dancing and others in taking kodak pictures. Many delightful snapshots were taken of the crowd which in later years will be regarded as great treasures by the members of the class, who know that very soon they will be far apart out in the wide, wide world. At 5:30 the picnic crowd came home, after they had spent the most delightful and also the last festive day together as a class.

The Holdup.

Dedicated to Mr. G. G. Dodds.

Now listen tightly, lad and lass,
I'll tell you how it came to pass.
'Twas just the time when ghosts and thieves
Are prowling 'round behind the trees.

Along the street a couple went,
On reaching home their thoughts were bent,
He tightly held on to her arm,
She felt secure from hurt or harm.

He took her just as far as the gate,
He went not in for it was late.
"Good night", he said, and started home,
She thought him brave to go alone.

As he walked along quite hurridly
He saw a man behind a tree.
He quickly stepped into the street,
So did the man; they had to meet.

He never thought to compromise,
He turned around and back he flies
To where he left the little maid
Who thought he was of naught afraid.

She let him in and locked the door,
He told her robbers, three or four,
Had attacked him and tried to rob
Him of his rings, his watch and fob.

"Give me," he said, a shot gun or
Some other article of war."
No guns there were so with a moan
He stepped up to the telephone;

And calling up the chief of police
Told him a gang of bloody thieves
Were trying hard to get at him
So please send out a dozen men.

The dozen men came on the run,
Each one armed with club or gun.
They found no robbers anywhere;
'Twas just, they thought, a trick to scare

The gentleman. But to be safe
They took him to his boarding place.
Poor Mr. Dodds has never guessed
That it was just a Senior jest!

HERSCHELL FRANCIS, '10.

ATHLETICS.
FRANCES '16

Junior Foot Ball Team

Ray Glenn, Robert Smith, Buell Haskett.
Harry Herron, Paul Barr, Harrold Patten.
John Smith, Aloysius McEntee, Eugene Pyke, Allan Innis, Ray Kirtley, Floyd Mayne, Berl Graham.

High School Foot Ball Team

Ray Glenn, Herschel Francis, Robert Smith.
Ralph Kemp, Paul Smith, Ersie Martin, Dudley Wagstaff, Samuel Groves, George Wood, Paul VanBuskirk.
Ralph Kirtley, Bethel Templeton, Clayton O'Banion, Buell Haskett, Floyd Webb.

Girl's Basket Ball Team

Florence Frisz, Gwendolyn Rouls, Edna Swartz, Ida Bruce, Lillian Tracy, Dorthy Bell, Ester Huron, Miriam Trittschuh,
Florence Lewis, Helen Nicholson, Ruth Anderson, Bertha Porter, Charlotte Wells, Edna Repp, Blanche Holman, Camille Leggitt.
Edith Ramsay, Marie Nicholson.

High School Base Ball Team

Paul Van Buskirk, Clayton O'Banion, Eugene Pyke.
Ray Glenn, Berl Graham, Ralph Kemp.
Louis Foster, William Deakyne, Harry Herron.

Foot Ball.

THE season opened with prospects of as strong a team as has represented Tipton High School in a number of years. Practice was begun immediately, about twenty candidates reporting, among whom were four old men, they being Glenn, Wagstaff, Francis and VanBuskirk. The team was soon chosen, and began preparation for the opening game of the season. Although of late years Tipton High School has been classed among the weaker schools in football, the management decided to re-enter fast company, and seek to regain the high standing which the Prussian Blue held on the gridiron in former years. Accordingly manager Wagstaff sceduled games with Noblesville, Kokomo, Westfield, Frankfort, Galveston and Attica

The opening game of the season was played at Noblesville. The Tiptonians, though playing at a disadvantage owing to the absence of the regular ends and to one of the half backs having a sprained ankle, gave the Hamilton County lads a hard struggle, but in the end met defeat. The game was hard fought and interesting throughout, although Tipton was necessarily forced to play a defensive game owing to the crippled condition of her team.

On the following Saturday Kokomo High School was met on the local field. They were confident of an easy victory, as indeed they well might be, as they had the advantage in weight, experience and coaching. However, the first few minutes of play induced them to change their opinion of matters, and to see that if they wished to win they would have to put forth their best efforts. The Tipton lads put up a splendid game, threatening their opponents goal again and again, but each time losing the ball by unlucky fumbles at critical stages of the game. The Kokomo lads finally won, scoring a touchdown in the last second of the play in the first half, and another in the second half. With an even break in the luck of the day Tipton would surely have won, they clearly outplayed the Kokomo aggregation. The game, though hard fought, was clean and interesting throughout, though marred at the last by "ragg-chewing" over some bad decisions by the referee.

On the succeeding Saturday Westfield High School was played at that place. The teams were evenly matched, victory finally falling to Westfield.

Galveston was next met, and after a hard game at that place, defeated the Tiptonians.

Owing to inclement weather the game with Frankfort was cancelled.

The Attica High School team was met at that place on Thanksgiving. The Tiptonians did not have much hope of victory as Attica had not been scored on this year, and was a contestant for the State Championship. However in the first half they held their own and kept Attica from scoring, though themselves unable to score. The last half Attica put in six new men, and as a result were able to score almost at will on the fagged Tiptonians. The team, being light, necessarily had to rely on speed and team work. It certainly had these as the Attica H. S. Principal, a University of Illinois veteran, remarked that it was the fastest and cleanest working High School team he had seen in a number of years.

The poor showing of the team must be ascribed to its inability to stop tackle bucks, due to ite lightness and lack of scrimmage practice.

The regular line up of the team was as follows:—

	WEIGHT	
Kemp	145	Right End
Webb	140	Right Tackle
Templeton	145	Right Guard
Downey	130	Center
Haskett	150	Left Guard
Teter	120	Left Tackle
VanBuskirk	150	Left End
Glenn	150	Right Half
Smith	150	Left Half
Francis	160	Fullback
Wagstaff	120	Quarter
Total	1560	
Average	142	

The substitutes were Smith, Woods, Groves and O'Banion.

Bethel's Lament.

There comes an hour of sadness.
And I am lonely still,
When I think of the extreme weakness
I showed at Noblesville.

I ought to have been stronger,
But the crisis found me weak;
And now I am still regretting
I had a yellow streak.

My cause, my team mates languished,
And now, while knowing this,
I must regret forever
The fumble that I missed.

I saw beside me playing
A trembling Tipton lad;
I might, but did not comfort,
'Cause I was just as bad.

A great game lost forever
By men who were unfit;
I might have been the star one,
But I did not have the grit.

"He's afraid of hurting someone,"
I heard a rooter say;
I took my place in silence
And tried my best to play.

And so, as I sit thinking,
How bitterly I rue
That I made ne'er a touchdown
For the dear old Prussian Blue.

Hershel Francis.

Basket Ball.

The first of the school year the High School girls, wishing to take part in Athletics as well as the boys, formed a Basket Ball League. It consisted of four teams, one from each class, and Miss Woody was chosen as a coach. Gawayne Castle was rented as a practice court for Thursday evening of each week. Much interest was taken and the girls progressed very nicely and acquired great proficiency in the art of Basket ball playing. At Christmas they adjourned to re-convene after the holidays, but after vacation Miss Woody departed and they were left without a coach. Thus ended the career of the T. H. S. Basket Ball League.

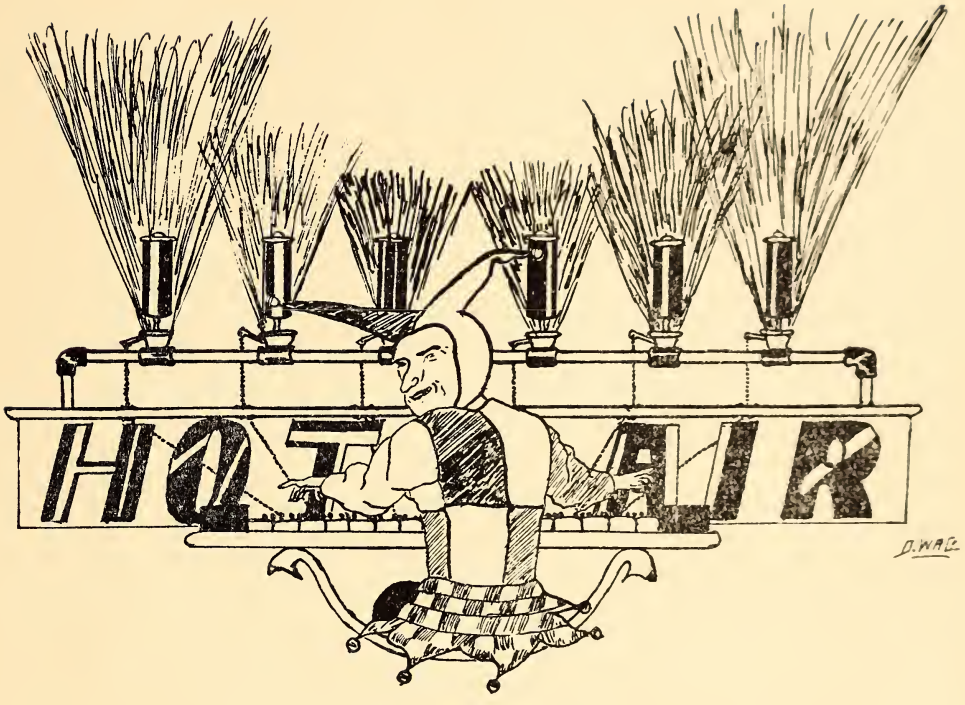
The boys also organized a league and the Seniors defeated all the other teams thus gaining the championship of the school.

Base Ball.

The Base Ball season opened early and with bright prospects. Five of last season's infield reported for practice, together with some new players of ability and promise. The squad was exceptionally strong in the fielding department. Consequently the major part of the practice was on batting and base running. The splendid hitting and the large number of stolen bases marked up to the credit of the team clearly show that their efforts were not misdirected.

The first game of the season was with Windfall H. S., on the Junction diamond. For various reasons the Tipton boys were unable to muster their full strength. In spite of this they showed the visitors a close game, finally losing by the score of 7 to 6. Poor fielding lost the game as the local boys out hit the visitors. O'Banion was the star of the game getting five hits, two of which were doubles, out of five times at bat.

The next game was with Noblesville H. S., at that place. The Tiptonians entered the game determined to win, in retaliation for the defeat which they had received in the foot all at the hand of the Noblesville youths. Their hopes were amply realized as they succeeded in giving them a thorough drubbing, the final score being 7 to 3. The Tiptonians had the best of the contest all the way, the Noblesville aggregation only getting one hit to their opponents eleven. Their only runs were scored on errors incident to wet grounds.


HOT AIR
D.WAG

STATISTICS

NAME.	Early Ancestor.	Appearance.	Occupation	Favorite Food	Favorite Song	Likes Most	Hates Most	Needs.
Mr. Patterson	A Jester	With Hair Smoothly Combed	Cracking Jokes	Hasn't Any	Soldier's Chorus	Junior Girls	The	A Joke Book
Mr. Dodds	Bismarck	Just Out of a Bandbox	Keeping Sweet	Milk	Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?	Rainbow Ties	S E N I O R	Stilts
Mr. Curry	Euclid	Satisfied	Math. Teacher	Pumpkin Pie	Annie (Laurie)	Sunday Night	C L A S S	More Speed
Miss Woody	Shakespeare	Miss Woody	Talking to Senior Boys	Chili Soup	In Dear Old Mexico.	Ranch Life	Doesn't Know How to Hate	Spanish Primer
Miss Towne	Virgil	Always the Same	Keeping Quiet	Fudge	This Is No Place For a Minister's Daughter	Students	Small Horse	Longitude
Miss Scotten	Friedrich Barbarossa	23 Years	Keeping Order	Pretzels	Deutschland Über Alles	Irvington	6:00 A. M.	Severity
Mr. Hufford	Lavoisier	Lofty	Flunking Phys. Students	Bon Bons (?)	Work	4th Grade Teacher	Bad English	Liberality with Credits
Ralph Kemp	Rip Van Winkle	Blaze of Glory	Most Anything	Sundaes	Every Day Is Ladies' Day With Me	Miss Woody	Ranchmen	Another Pony
Louis Hurley	An Irishman	Abbreviated	Smoking	Potassium Chlorate	Me Fither and Mither Were Irish	Argument	Phys. Experiments	To Grow
James Hogan	St. Patrick	Bashful	Blushing	Mellins Food	Would I Were a Bird	The Senior Girls	To Be Teased	Anti Fat
Bethel Templeton	Socrates	Indescribable	Writing Poetry (?)	Cigarettes	Any Medley	To "Spiel"	Grammar	A Heart to Heart Talk
Leonard Pence	Diogenes	?	Knocking	Dill Pickles	Some Sweet Day	Cynicize	Work	Renovating
Eugene B. Pyke	Demosthenes	With Pencil on Ear	Going to Independence and vicinity	Chocolate Dope	Pearl of Greatest Price	Pearls	Anything that requires an effort	Debators Rules

There was once a senior named Dane,
Whose translations would give one a pain.
So vile was his work,
And so much did he shirk,
That he drove Miss Towne quite insane.

Perhaps you have read, in the legends of old,
How the snail was the slowest of things;
But the snail has Webb unmercifully sold,
When Webb his Latin unslings.

Bethel is a lad very queer,
One day he went hunting, I hear.
He followed a calf
For a mile and a half,
And swore he was tracking a deer.

Jimmie is a Senior by birth,
And lives a good life on this earth.
Do you think it is nice,
If he falls on the ice,
That he should so fluently curse?

'Twas the first day of school.
Ruth and Dudley didn't know
That Floyd Webb was sitting
In the back of the row.
They thought they were alone,
But Floyd was there, alack.
He saw their heads together,
He heard their lips go "smack!"

There was a boy in our class,
"Rowdy" is his name.
Somebody hid his hat one night,
He searched for it in vain.

And when he saw his hat was gone,
He nearly had to swear,
But Hufford opened up his heart
And gave him his to wear.

Surely of a latent bent
Toward poetic temperment,
Before you, genius, we retreat,
And hide our unpoetic feet.

To Bethel Templeton.

"Here sighs with lamentations and loud moans."

Room 11.

Now I lay me down to sleep;
May all the angels round me keep.
If Mr. Dodds sees me now,
He'll fire me out and raise a row.

Prayer of Louis Hurley.

If credits were bought with the mighty plunk,
John D., would pass and the rest would flunk.

There was a young senior named Sam,
Before the exams he would cram.
But one day under Curry,
He flunked in a hurry,
And now he is as meek as a lamb.

Paul Smith went dancing one night,
And it was a wonderful sight
To see him fly round,
And sometimes fall down,
When his partner he swung to the right.

I spend my time in reading,
Flying moments never heeding,
And it's Aleck Pope I like to read the best;
Thus I read whene'er I can,
His great essay labeled "Man",
And I weep to think—you surely know the rest.

Miss Towne.

Ode To The Pony.

Friend of our fathers, known of old,
Steed of student of every clime,
We fain would have your praises told,
Thy hoof prints left in the sands of time.
Friend of our fathers, bear us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The cribber bold that puts his trust
On printed cuff, or pony's word–
No tough exam by him is cussed,
No vain regret from him is heard;
And ages still to come, you bet,
Will ride on thee—lest they forget.

THE LITTLE BOSTON GIRL'S VERSION OF THE POEM—
"Little Drops of Water, Little Grains of Sand," Etc.

Infinitesimal particles of saline humective fluidity,
Minute corpuscles of non-adhering inorganic matter,
Conjointly cause to exist the unmeasurable expanse
of aqueous section,
And the resplendent area of dry superficial solidity.

Fresh from the nursery
Right out of the crib,
Every one of them
Still wearing a bib.
Hold on to their toys
In spite of our plea
Even tho they are hoping
Seniors to he.

ALOYSIUS AND THE MOSQUITO.

At last upon poor "Doodle's" head,
He settled down to drill,
He bored away for half an hour
And then he broke his bill.

Edna had a little (?) rat,
'Twas done up in her hair,
It made her look real pretty,
But it had no business there.

A man he was and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he!
—To Mr. Hufford.

Does 'ou miss 'our recess, 'ittle freshies?

Her face so fair, upturned to his
Bespoke the truth;
While he, with subtle care
Her thoughts did share;
A shriek, a whiz—
He had the tooth.
To Miss Woody.

Mr. Hufford had a little boy,
He broke a canna root.
He made him dig up another one
And twenty five cents to boot.

"Paradise Lost",—Miss Woody's gone away,
"Paradise Regained",—Miss Scotten's come to stay.

I do not hate thee Dorothy Bell;
The reason why, I cannot tell.
But this alone I know full well,
I do not hate thee Dorothy Bell.
Louis F.

Mr. Flanders once borrowed some money of Mr. Berry. There was some misunderstanding about when it was due, it seems, and Mr. Berry sent Mr. Flanders a statement before the money was due. This made Mr. Flanders very angry, and he went after Mr. Berry in this style:

"You was a goose-Berry to send me the bill-Berry, before it was due-Berry; your father, the elder-Berry should have known better. You might have felt blue-Berry and looked very black-Berry and wanted to choke-Berry and give me a poke-Berry; but I don't give a straw-Berry for you and your bill-Berry.

Principle parts of verb flunco:

flunco, fluncere, suspendi, expulsum.

"Paul V. Have you seen Al?"
Hershel F. "Al who?"
Paul V. "Al Cohol; Carry seen him, Gaso leaned him up against the post, he took a nap tha' and hasn't ben sene since."

Eng. IV. Grace T. (reading King Lear) "Look, look, a mouse!"
Edna R. (waking up)—"Oh! where?"

Miss Scotten. "How did Dryden come to write some of his greatest satyres?"
Ralph Kemp. "He got married."

Eng. IV. Miss Scotten.—(to senior class who have just read "Comus".) "What is meant by a masque?"
Bethel T.—"It's a false face."

Miss Scotten says "that on Thursday the Senior Class is Moody and she can't Lovett."

A Mutual Admiration Society: Edna Repp was dressed like Mother Goose and wore a very full skirt. Jimmy Hogan, who sat beside her on the stage became entranced by her charming appearance and said, "Say kid you just look swell, do you know it kid?"

Geom III. Mr. Curry—"Now we'll suppose you don't know how to construct it."
Ray Glenn. "You don't need to suppose it."

Staff Meeting. Grace T—"Now the paper for the annual will be bevel edged (deckled edge) and the cover embalmed, (embossed). will it not?"

Jimmy H., at foot-dall game. "What's the score?"
Bystander—"Six to six."
Jimmy—"Who's ahead?"

Maud Henry (at country grocery store)—"I want some powder please."
Store-keeper (looking over spectacles)—"Face, gun, or bug?"

Bright Sayings in Latin IV

Blanche H—"Uttering many a large groan, he bedews his countenance with a river."

Charlotte W—"They fasten casters on the huge horse's feet and roll him peacefully up the city walls."

Grace T—"And we assisted the unhappy horse to the temples."

Pearl A—"A most lovable little island was seen floating about on the balmy sea."

Dudley W—"We passed around and laid to rest the foaming cups of milk and the sacred saucers of blood."

Ersie M—"I Jumped my body straight out of bed and held up my hands with my voice."

Paul S—"Do you think that Dido will perish at her (Dido's) wretched funeral?"

Ralph K—"Dido will die when she perishes."

Hist. IV—Ersie M—"He had went."

Mr. Patterson—"Watch your grammar."

Ersie—"Well, he was there, any how."

Jimmy H—(who is Father Time in Senior Christmas play) "I can't get a scythe and an hour glass but I could get a lawn mower and an alarm clock."

Phys. III, Term exam—Mr. Hufford—"How hard would a 150 pound man have to hold to the hobby horse on a calorie centrifugal machine?"

Carl Richman—"What is that?"

Mr. H—"Commonly spoken of as a merry-go-round."

Eng. IV—Miss Woody—"Who are some of the great men of science who have been persecuted?"

Hershel F—"Well, there's—Hufford is the only one I know of."

Eng. IV—Miss W—"Ralph, what is a pageant?"

Ralph Kemp—"A side show."

Willie D—(looking at picture, "Leading the Blind Homer") "Kemp, who is that fellow?"

Kemp—"Homer."

Willie D—"Homer Bartholomew."

Hist. IV—Mr..P—"James, who was George Popham?"

Jimmy H—"He wuz the nephew of sumbudy in England."

Chem. IV—Mr.H—"Bethel, state the difference between hard and soft water?"

Bethel T—"Hard water is frozen water, I reckon."

Eng. I—Opal Honold, growing eloquent about her dog's death—"My little dog degenerated last evening."

Mr. Dodds—"Let us all know where we are at."

Eng. IV—Miss Woody—"Bethel, what did the ghost of Banquo represent?"

Bethel T—"Banquo, I reckon."

CALENDAR.

SEPTEMBER

6. "Arouse you then my merry men, this is our opening day."
7. Exclamations—"Ain't she cute?" are heard as the new teacher appears.
8. Every one rushes in to get located in his choice seat.
9. Members of the faculty appear in smiles. 'Twill not be thus long.
10. Mr. Curry in Geom. IV, calls on Charlotte Wells, Floyd Webb answers.
13. Senior girls wear hair in "Dolly Varden" fashion.
14. Physics III have their first laboratory work, they all take it as a joke. Mr. Hufford dismisses Louis H., and Eugene Pyke.
15. A Freshman raises his hand in the assembly room and asks the teacher in charge, "Kin I go to the dick-shun-ary?"
16. Mr. Patterson, Hist. IV. "Bertha, if all the nimble tongued women were driven out of Tipton, who would be left?"
    Bertha R—"I would." We doubt it.
17. Miss Woody comes in contact with assembly room door, and looks around to see if any one saw her.
20. Ruth A., and Edna R., join the Frizzlers Association, and appear in a South Sea Islanders' style of hair dressing. The boys say, "Ain't they sweet?"
21. Mr. Dodds tells Freshman class to listen with one ear and write with the other one.
22. Eugene Teter is given a reserved seat in Physiography I.
23. Miss Woody, Eng. IV. What is a "pesthouse?"
    Bethel T. "Place where they put dead people, I reckon."
24. Miss Woody, Eng. I. "Has this class ever had the verb "amo" in Latin? It means love."
    Class. "No."
    Miss Woody. "I think I shall have to see Miss Towne about that."
27. Mr. Dodds. "John, if I should tell you to read the laws of the Hebrews, where would you go to read them?"
    John L. "To the library."
28. Dorothy Bell (trying to convince Thomas Robinson that he is wrong).
    "Y honey, they don't."
29. Jimmy D., and "Fuzzy" R., have a class scrap all by themselves.
30. Myron Seright, goes to sleep, falls out of his seat, and rolls clear across to the window.

OCTOBER.

1. Junior class goes nutting.
4. Edna Repp, Germ. IV. "She invited me to sit on the table."
5. Mr. Patterson. "Jimmy, I don't see how you can be good with all these pretty girls around you."
    Jimmy H. "I ain't good."
6. Senior class entertained by Herschel Francis.
7. Jimmy D., in Hist. II says Charles the Great was a great general in the Spanish American War.
8. Harold Patten informs us that he can speak German in three different languages.

11. Monday—Mr. Hufford, sleepily at 8:45 a. m. "Good evening."
12. Ruth L. (defining a geyser),—"A geyser is a spring of water that runs up and rolls over."
13. Bethel Templeton said that the Normans came from Nor-mandy. We wonder if he means the suburb of Tipton.
14. Paul Barr. "I am the unit of intelligence in the Junior Class, the rest are only fractions"
15. Margaret O., asks Miss Woody how to pronounce "doubt."
18. Rules! Rules!! Rules!!! Where and O where have all those smiles gone?
19. Sophomere colors appear on top of the School house—and disappear.
20. The Juniors put up their colors but at the order of tho Seniors, they promptly take them down.
21. A timid Freshie pushes his map under the door of Mr. Hufford's room.
22. Visiting day.
25. Eng. IV. Miss W.—"Bethel, give the later history of Beowulf."
Bethel—"He died, I reckon."
26 Ralph Wood says that the climate of Southern Greece is hot and that that of Northern Greece is "pert" near hot.
27. Bethel T. Eng. IV. "Macbeth was so brave, he couldn't hold himself down. I reckon."
28. Senior Class have a Halloween party at Dane Patterson's.
29. Spookes, ghosts, goblins begin to appear. Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors have Holloween parties.

NOVEMBER

1. Mr. Dodds to German III. "If you knew as much as I know, you wouldn't be here."
2 Mr. Highley visits school and gives an interesting talk.
3. Calico Frasority founded.
4. Pearl M., shares a penny's worth of candy with the faculty.
5. Miss Coleman and Mr. Vail come to give the Friday morning musical program. Mr. Dodds thinks one number is sufficient, as any more might detract attention from the study.
8. Mr. Hufford. "The lesson begins on page 76 doesn't it?"
Clyde B. "No."
Mr. H. "You should say No Sir."
9. Myron Seright takes the large dictionary to his desk
10. Sophomores have their picture taken; they expect to miss the Latin exam. but Oh! the disappointments of life!
11. Carl R., says, "The body moves one foot per centimeter."
12. Dr. Miles of New York talks to the high school.
15. Mr. Dodds tells the Juniors that when he says Monday, he means Wednesday. We can see that the old saying is true: "We must take a Dutchman by what he means, not by what he says."
16. Louis H., in Eng. IV., speaking of the Greek Arcite, calls him "our kitty."
17. Kent Little says that the people living in Constantinople are called "Turkies."
18. Mr. Hufford. "Earl, you do the difference between assimilation and respiration?"

Earl L. "Yep."
Mr. Hufford. "Do you mean to say that?"
Earl L. "Nop."

19. Freshies ask Mr. Dodds if they may put their colors upon the high school building.
22. Mr. Dodds. "Aurelia do you remember what happened in 1215."
Aurelia. "I can't remember that far back."
23. Louis Hurley in Eng. IV—"One day there was a night, (knight) out."
24. School dismisses for Thanksgiving vacation.
29. Mr. Curry to Frank H., who was chewing the end of a ruler—"Frank, if you are hungry you had better go home and get something to eat."
30. One freshie is heard to ask another if he could play the rheumatic (Chromatic) scale.

DECEMBER

1. Louis H., in Eng. IV—"The lady then follows falsehead (falsehood)".
2. Mr. Dodds gives the H. S., a much needed lesson in etiquette. He informs us that he ONCE had a friend——.
3. Prof. Dodds says that Bertha is a german name meaning brightness, but the meaning is often hidden in some people.
6. Can you imagine Ward Norris with his thumb in his mouth?
7. Herman H., and Aurelia L., collide in the hall.
8. Mr. Hufford and Bertha P., have a dialogue in Physics class as usual.
9. Freshies get Latin grades, which are as follows 60, 49, 33, 25, 0.
10. Floyd M., and Leonard P., are unusually lucky in mathematics today. Leonard gets only 5 callings and Floyd only 7.
13. Miss Woody. "Ralph W., give a description of Malcoem Graeme."
Ralph—"He had on plaid stockings"———:"
Miss Woody. "That's a pretty good start."
14. Lectures on Term Exams—No condition, no bribery.
15. The Freshmen have their expected History exam alright. But then——.
16. "Little more work on Freshmen side," becomes daily advice of teachers.
17. Mr. Dodds tells Frances S., to pick up the floor around her desk (meaning the paper on the floor.)
20. Miss Woody says, "The Freshmen are so bashful they can't even say their memory selections."
21. Mr. Patterson gets so enthusiastic in History III that he loses his tie.
22. A dignified Senior when explaining an exercise in Geometry says: "I am just square rooting a number."
23. Mr. Curry. "Gladys, what do we do when we use the indirect method?"
Gladys B. "Prove everything so that isn't so."
24. Senior Play: Edna Repp is dressed to represent Mother Goose and wears a very full skirt. Jimmy H. (who sat beside her on the platform) "Say kid, you just look swell. Do you know it, kid?"
24. January 3—Vacation.

JANUARY

3. High School boys chase a wee mousy over the assembly room. Lela Good seeks refuge on a desk.
4. Emery C., goes to sleep and misses a recitation.
5. Poor Jimmy gets his second chance to occupy a front seat.
6. Series of Boxing Matches begin in the basement. Attendance 19,746. Gate receipts $7,892.50.
7. Florence L., (Eng. III.) "The fire place was such that as much smoke went out the chimney as went into the room."
10. Miss Woody informs us that she is going to spend the rest of the winter in Mexico with friends. Boo—Hoo.
11. Above all the musical sounds of this fatal week we hear the words, "Get busy! ringing in our ears. "Get busy! get busy!! get busy!!!."
12. No jokes. All due for terms begin to sober up.

13—14. Certain privileged pupils are attending an intellectual program for two days under the name of "Terms."

17. In token of their esteem the Faculty and students present a necklace to Miss Woody as a remembrance. Miss Scotten, who is to be our new English teacher, present this morning.
18. We get our much looked for and longed for reports. They have a wonderful effect. Less noise and more work.
19. (Eng. IV.) Juanita T. in a dialogue with Jimmy H. "Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter; Dearer than eyesight, space and liberty."
20. Mr. Hufford (Chem. IV) "I'll talk a little while before I say anything."
21. Paul Smith learns telegraphy on a little music-box which he got out of coffee.
24. Miss Scotten calls Aloysius McEntee, "Aloy Macentie." Don't worry Miss Scotten they all fail on that name.
25. Ward Norris turns his attention to an eighth grade girl. Miriam Trittschuh becomes jealous.
26. Miss Scotten—(Eng. IV) "We will have bacon (Bacon) tomorrow."
27. Miss Scotten (Eng. I)—"John L. describe the bride."
    John L. "It says the bride was bony (bonny)."
28. Mr. Patterson (Hist III) "If I were in Turkey I would do as the Turkeys do or get out."
31. Phys. III—Mr. H—"Eugene, what steps would you take in determining the height of a building by using an aneroid barometer?"
    Eugene Bishop Pyke—"I would lower the barometer by a string and measure the string."

FEBRUARY

1. Jean J—(Germ III). "If a German Professor is going to think more of his studies than of his wife he oughn't to get married."
   Mr. Dodds—"Y-e-s——that's-so."
2. Mr. Dodds, (Germ III) asks the meaning of "die puppe."
   Jean J—"I guess it means a pup."
   Mr. Dodds—"No Jean, little German girls do not play with bull-dogs."
3. (Physics III)—Mr. Hufford drops a penny into a jar of water, and after thinking for ten minutes discovers that he can pour the water out and get it without getting his hands wet.

4. Ersie M—(in the library)—"I've looked and looked, and I can't find any of Silas Marner's books."
6. Sunday—Mason E. Hufford broke all records this evening. One of the greatest sensations of the season. The audience of a well known church is stupefied.
Mr. Mason E. Hufford who has long been regarded as a confirmed old batchelor and entirely hopeless takes a young lady to church tonight! Mirabile Dictu!
7. Monday—Mr. Mason E. Hufford of the Tipton High School buys a box of candy. We wonder what he did with it. We would also like to know what makes Mr. Hufford in such a good humor to day.
8. Mr. Curry—"Herman have you a question on this proposition?"
Herman H—(dolefully)—"O, yes, its all question."
9. Miriam T., begins to think she is pretty because Jimmy spends most of his time looking at her.
10. Mr. Curry—"Now you see this approaches zero as a limit but can never reach it"
Dudley W—"I can."
11. The Seniors aided by four pupils from the Grammar Department give a Lincoln Day Program. The old soldiers and the Ladies Relief Corps are present.
14. Mr. Dodds wears a black and yellow tie.
15. Mr. Dodds wears a blue fleur-de-lis tie.
16. Mr. Dodds wears a black and lavender tie.
17. Mr. Dodds wears a black and white tie.
18. Mr. Dodds wears a blue and white tie.
Great Charlemagne! what a wardrobe that man must have."
21. Miss Scotten—"Eugene what does pent up poetry mean?
Pyke, rubbing his head, "Why, er, er, 'at wussn't loose."
22. From the number of absentees to-day it looks as if quite a number are glad that this country had a "Father."
23. John D., tells History III that Julius Caesar changed the calendar and thus changed George Washington's birthday.
24. History III has a visitor—Mr. Patterson's dog.
25. Gladys B. tells English III that she is going to revise Scott's "Ivanhoe" because it don't end up right.
28. Mr. Curry (calling roll in Geom. III) "Ray Rirtley."
Ray K. "Six for Thursday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and four for to-day."

MARCH.

1 Mr. Patterson (Hist. III) reading from text book, "J. A. James, Ph. D." asks, "what does that stand for, phenomenal dunce?"

2. Helen B. (Geom. III) Attempts to say C^2 and says, "Squee squared."
3. Paul Smith (Eng. IV) "Swift kept a dairy (diary) while he was in London."
4. Durno the magician comes to town as the guest of the Senior class.
7. Clayton O'Banion gets moved to the front seat..
8. What funny names a few of the Sophomores have. The MILLER of the Dee SHOOK DICE under a HARDY LITTLE Tree, with his FOSTER mother, while STATTS BARRED the door, so NICHOLSON couldn't ring the BELL.
9. Julius Caesar Napyhe, a native Greek addresses the High School.

10 Miss Scotten (Eng. III)—"Bethel, why was Irving given the Christian name of Washington?"
Bethel T—"Well it was because Washington was the first great patriot in America and Irving was the first great writer, I reckon."

12. There was a great big Senior.
Who thought himself wondrous wise.
But when he went to Latin class.
Miss Town thought otherwise.

14. Ralph K., gets (1%?) in Latin.

15. Dane P. (reading the last lines of King Lear)—"We that are young shall never see so much, nor live so long."
Louis H—(fervently)—"Amen."

16. John D. (German singing class)—"Oh! let' get something exciting."
Mr. Dodds—"Alright, we'll get a bumblebee."

17. "We hoive mo'iny green days in So'uner but this is the greenest ov' thim all." Jean J.

18. Mrs. Waugh gives us a talk on "Patriotism."

21. Mr. Patterson—"John D., can you name the statues around the soldiers monument at Indianapolis?"
John D—"Why no, I never was that far from home?"

23. Miss Scotten asks Senior Class if they ever look in their Literature Books.

24. Jean J. (reading from Eng. Book)—"It says love and I shall be loved, I don't understand that."

28. Midnight oil is recommended by faculty as the best aid to success.

31.
Apr 1 } Spring Vacation.

APRIL

5. Miss Scotten—Eng III—"What's the matter with this class today? You'r all either absent or present."

8. James H—(A star member in Eng. Lit. class) says that Shelley is twenty years older than Byron. The text says he is four years younger than Byron—Wonder which is correct.

15. Term exams for Seniors.

18. All rejoice over their grades.

19. Miss Scotten reads a very interesting letter to Eng. classes, from Miss Woody.

25. A new discovery is made for curing the giggles, known as science exams. This proves to be a good one.

26. Seniors have class meeting.

28. Juniors elect officers for next year.

MAY

2. Seniors plan to spend the last week having a good time.

3. Seniors entertained by the Misses Blanche Holman, Charlotte Wells, and Juanita Tresidder.

4. Seniors picnic in Kokomo park.

5. Seniors have last recitations.

6. Seniors dismissed.

13. Junior reception.

15. Baccalaureate sermon.

18. Commencement at M. E. Church.

19. Alumni Banquet.

20. Seniors bid farewell to T. H. S.

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Spring term ends Friday, June 17, 1910. (Except Special course of School of Education, which continues to June 24.)
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Summer Term begins Thursday, June 23, 1910. (Except special courses of the School of Education, which begin June 13.)
Registration and enrollment, Thursday June 23.
First half-term begins Friday, June 24. (Instruction five days a week.)
First half-term ends Tuesday, August 2.
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